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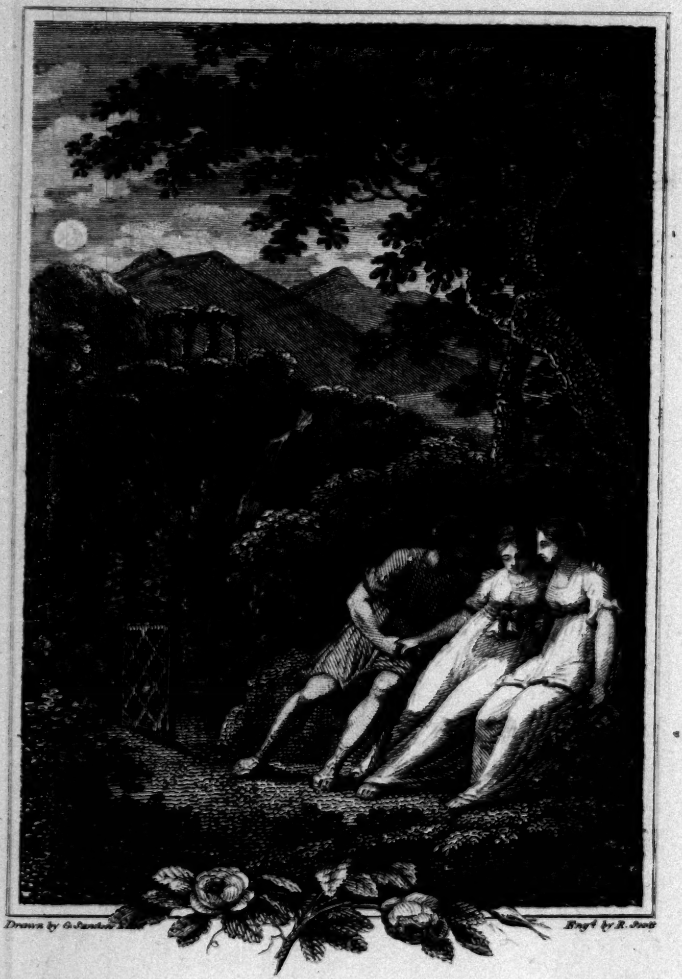
IDYLS,

OR

PASTORAL POEMS, &c.



DAPHNE and CHLOE.

Published by A. Constable, Edin.r 1798

IDYLS,

OR

PASTORAL POEMS;

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED,

A LETTER TO M. FUESSLIN,

ON

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

Translated from the GERMAN of

SOLOMON GESSNER,

AUTHOR OF THE DEATH OF ABEL.

EDINBURGH:
Printed for W. MUDIE, and ARCH. CONSTABLE.
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PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

SUPERFICIAL thinkers, on the ſubject of the diverſities of religious belief, and worſhip, prevalent among mankind, have, ſometimes—as I think, fooliſhly—aſſerted; that ſuch diverſities, even of error, are, very probably, more acceptable in the eye of the Deity; than if all men ſhould agree in the belief of the only ſyſtem of genuine, religious truths, and join in the obſervance of the only forms of worſhip, which that ſyſtem can be juſtly interpreted to preſcribe.

But, if that diverſity of languages, which is ſpoken and written throughout the world, may be compared, in regard to its influence on polite literature, with this diverſity of religions influencing the ſervice of the Divine Being; I ſhould declare myſelf to be inclined to think; that the arts of elegant written compoſition, have had the advantage of ac-

quiring a greater number of admirable, yet widely diſſimilar, models of their beſt perfection, in conſequence of the variety of human languages, than it is to be ſuppoſed that they would have now exhibited, if there had never been more than one common language known and uſed among mankind.

Even, in its *imitations* of the poetry, the hiſtory, and the eloquence of Greece; Rome produced not a few immortal works, differing ſo widely from thoſe productions which they imitated, as to deſerve, much rather, the character of *new models* in a peculiar taſte, than that of *copies*. The very great diſſimilarity between thoſe works, which are the pride of weſtern literature, and thoſe, in which we are aſtoniſhed by the ſublime and magnificent genius of the people of the Eaſt; does not hinder theſe ſpecies from poſſeſſing, both, the higheſt excellence; yet, could have had no exiſtence, but for the great difference, as well between the ſpirits and ſtructures of the Eaſtern and the Weſtern languages, as between the other arts and the manners of the nations by which they are reſpectively uſed. If the

poliſhed and enlightened inhabitants of modern Europe, had ſtill continued to write only in the Latin tongue, which was the common language of the learned, for ſome time after the revival of literature; ſhould we now have poſſeſſed thoſe many diſſimilar rival models, all of illuſtrious excellence, which are divided among the languages and nations of Europe, and which enable every different nation to boaſt of works of genius, worthy to vie with thoſe which do the moſt honour to their neighbours?

Of the *advantages* which naturally ariſe from the exiſtence of many diſſimilar ſpecies of excellent works in literature, there are *two*, very ſtrikingly obvious. When the ſtudent, who has peruſed a MILTON, or a SHAKESPEARE, even to ſatiety, feels himſelf compelled, in that *tædium* which no ardour of literary enthuſiaſm can always avoid, to exclaim *—Tædet harum quotidianarum formarum!*—How delightful is it, then, to turn to the pages of an ARIOSTO, a VOLTAIRE, a KLOPSTOCK, or a CAMOENS; and to find there, a novelty of excellence, which renovates all the elaſticity of the mind, juſt as the

erect expanſion of the parts of the ſun-flower, is, in the morning, renewed, by the returning impulſe of the rays of that luminary, from which it has its name!—The literature of every different nation, too, when its own great models have been imitated, till the ſameneſs and inſipidity of ſo many imitations, occaſions a general indifference for the literary arts, and produces a ſeeming barrenneſs of genius in the nation; may be inſpired, as it were, with a new life, by the imitation of the beſt models from the language of another people; and may be reſtored into a happy ſtate, ſuch as if the national genius had ſuddenly ſtarted up from lethargic ſlumber.

After producing numberleſs admirable models of excellence, in almoſt all the departments of literature, during the reigns of Lewis the Thirteenth, and of his abler and more magnificent ſon; France ſeemed, for ſome ſhort time, *effœta*, reduced to a barrenneſs of genius, like a ſoil of which the native fertility has been at length worn out by a long ſucceſſion of crops. VOLTAIRE, MONTESQUIEU, and

ſome other Frenchmen, taught their countrymen to conceive a paſſion for the books, the politics, and the liberty of Britain. They applied themſelves, in general, to emulate the beſt effuſions of Britiſh genius; and—the world knows the reſt. Has not our own literature been, recently, in a very intereſting manner, diverſified in its productions; and our own national genius happily ſtimulated to ſome new and noble exertions; by the contemplation, and the emulation, of ſome excellent works, in a wild and peculiar taſte, which the long inſulted genius of the Germans has, at length, held forth to the wonder of Europe?—GOETHE! thou alone haſt known to exhibit genius, in combination with a morbid irritability of feeling, inflamed with genuine love, overwhelmed in real deſpair, endowed with an energy of imagination, which becomes miſchievous, by filling all ſurrounding nature with viſions of miſery and of horror, and with a ſtrength of reaſon, which ſerves only to betray, by lending its aid to fatal error! WIELAND ſeems, as it were, to hold in his hand, a *cornucopia*, inexhauſtibly filled with all the

richeſt gifts of genius, and to pour from it, with unſparing profuſion, whatever, in literature, can intrance the fancy, or thrill the heart. KANT, whom ſome weak and fooliſh attempts would almoſt miſlead us to ſuppoſe unintelligible and untranſlateable—is the REID of Germany; has, like REID, ſucceſsfully laboured to explode that ſcepticiſm which HUME ſtrove to rear, as a coloſſus, over the ruins of the ideal philoſophy; has, by the penetration and originality of his genius, commanded the enthuſiaſtic eſteem of his fellow-countrymen; but, has uſed in his writings, perhaps, too much of the technical language of *Leibnitz*, of *Wolffe*, and of the ancient *ſchoolmen;* and has, hence, baffled all the efforts of thoſe who have tried to tranſlate his books, or to explain his peculiar opinions, without being before intimately converſant with the Engliſh metaphyſical writings of *Locke*, *Hume*, and *Reid;* with the French metaphyſicians, *Buffier* and *Condillac;* and, with the books of *Leibnitz* and *Wolffe*, KANT's predeceſſors in Germany. What books are more popular among us, than the *tranſlations* of the

Death of Abel, by GESSNER of *Zurich*; and of the paſtoral IDYLS of the ſame author, one of the moſt chaſtely claſſical of all the compoſitions of the moderns?

The reviſal of the Engliſh tranſlation of the IDYLS of GESSNER, has ſuggeſted to my mind, the foregoing train of reflection. Many of the moderns, have entertained too narrow notions of the nature of PASTORAL poetry. It has been, by ſome, imagined, that true paſtoral poetry, can ſing of no other themes, than the rural innocence and felicity of the fancied Age of Gold. Others have conceived, that the ignorance, the prejudices, the mean and rude dialect of the loweſt ruſtics, ought ever to be faithfully copied by the paſtoral poet. Some have ſhown, that they durſt not deviate a ſingle footſtep out of the path which VIRGIL had marked out before them. Nor have there been wanting, pretenders to critical taſte and poetical genius, who have weakly believed, the continual repetition of the words—*crooks* and *pipes*, *lambs* and *kids*, *ſhepherds* and *ſhepherdeſſes*, *nymphs* and *ſatyrs*, with e-

ther cant phraſeology, which every ſchool-boy may readily command,—to conſtitute, in ſome ſort, the eſſence of this ſpecies of poeſy. What wonder, if, while thus narrowed and debaſed, paſtoral poetry have incurred the occaſional contempt of philoſophical critics?

In my notion of the nature of paſtoral poeſy, its character poſſeſſes higher elevation, and its range is far more extenſive. It is not, on account of its appellation, to be confined to ſpeak of none but perſons who tend goats or ſheep. It were ridiculous folly, to withhold it from the deſcription of nature, and to make it dwell, for ever, on the hackneyed fancy of the Golden Age. It is pitiful cowardice, not to dare any thing beyond the tame creeping imitation of the Roman models. To copy only the ſentiments and dialect of the loweſt and moſt ſordid minded peaſantry, is, to chooſe preciſely thoſe things in rural manners, which are altogether unworthy of ſong. PASTORAL POETRY ought, unqueſtionably, to comprehend *all poetical compoſitions, in which the ſentiments and images are, for the moſt*

part, derived from rural nature, and from the manners and feelings of men withdrawing themſelves from the ſcenes of artificial life, and from the policy, arts, and inſtitutions connected with theſe,—or having never, perhaps, been acquainted with them. This idea of paſtoral poetry, preſerves it from the repreſentation of things too ſordidly mean, to be ſuſceptible of poetical decency and grace. It precludes this ſpecies of poeſy from applying itſelf to the diſplay of thoſe deep workings of paſſion which abſtract the mind, before which they are diſplayed, from attending to the images of rural ſcenery. It precludes, alſo, the diſplay of that varied action which carries the agents through all the buſieſt and moſt artificial ſcenes of ſocial life. But, all that which is called *deſcriptive poetry*, if properly animated with human agency, *as, indeed, it rarely is*, ought to belong to the paſtoral ſpecies. Much of what is named *elegiac* and *lyric* poeſy, with a great deal of what is denominated *moral* and *didactic*, fall under this ſame obſervation. That *dramatic* poeſy is ſuſceptible of aſſuming the character of paſtoral, is

ſufficiently known by ſome very admirable ſpecimens.

GESSNER'S IDYLS evince him to have conceived, far more liberally and juſtly, than a POPE and a PHILIPS, of the character of paſtoral poeſy. He does not, in this, reject all imitation of the ancient models; but has choſen rather to follow the example of the Grecian, than of the Roman poets. In imitating, he has often excelled—a *Theocritus*, a *Bion*, a *Moſchus*, and an *Anacreon*. In his hands, the manners of rural life are purified and exalted conſiderably above the groſſneſs in which they have been pourtrayed by the bards of Greece, without being, for this, diveſted of their genuine ſimplicity. Not ſeldom, GESSNER makes ancient GREECE the very ſcene of his paſtoral pieces. And in theſe pieces, he has ſo happily caught the whole *coſtume* of GRECIAN manners, and the native air of Greek poeſy; that, in the hands of a *Huntingford* or a *Glaſſe*, capable to tranſlate them into claſſical Greek, they might be made to appear, even to a *Burney*, genuine antiques, with a ſucceſs of deception, more

perfect, than that of the inſtance in which *Scaliger* was betrayed to aſcribe to *Trabea*, the Latin verſes of his own diſciple *Muretus*. In other caſes, the ſcene, the manners, the characters, the alluſions, are modern and GERMAN. In theſe, GESSNER has not, under the pretence of imitating the ancients, exhibited an incongruous medley of ancient and modern manners, ſuch as almoſt all other modern writers of *paſtorals*, preſent. All is, in theſe pieces, truly modern, and truly German; yet, in a taſte purely claſſical. GESSNER was a *landſcape-painter*, as well as a poet. He looked on the rural ſcenery around him with a painter's eye. He has marked and pictured, in his poetry, a multitude of exquiſitely paſtoral images, which would have eſcaped the notice of one that was merely a poet. He has choſen a wider variety of ſubjects, than almoſt any other modern writer of paſtorals. All the milder virtues, and all the tender affections of domeſtic life, are charmingly repreſented by his Muſe. In the *tender*, what GESSNER has here diſplayed, is ſcarcely excelled even by a *Sterne* or a *Mackenzie*!

His poesy is here less florid and gorgeous than in the *Death of Abel*, which has met with some not unjust censure on account of the excess of ornament in which it appears to be invested. The praises of a BLAIR, in his *Lectures* upon *Rhetoric*, have honoured these IDYLS of GESSNER with the highest critical testimony in their favour, which Britain can give.

The letter on *Landscape-Painting*, is the composition, at once, of an artist and a fine writer; and is a small piece of invaluable excellence—to be named only in comparison with the Academical Discourses of a REYNOLDS.

Of the present EDITION, the praise or blame must belong chiefly to the PUBLISHERS. They have been encouraged in their undertaking, chiefly by the above-mentioned approbation of BLAIR, and by the consideration of the amiable moral tendency of the whole of these pieces.—The EDITOR has written the preceding paragraphs; has revised and corrected the translation throughout the following pages; and has superintended the whole, while it

paſſed through the *Preſs*. He cannot conclude, without expreſſing his earneſt wiſhes; that ſuch books as the preſent, may form the favourite reading of the *fair* and the *young*, rather than thoſe NOVELS, which tend equally to weaken the underſtanding, and to corrupt the heart!

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DAPHNE AND CHLOE.

DAPHNE. The moon has riſen from behind thoſe duſky mountains; her reſplendent light ſhines thro' the trees which crown their tops. What a charm this ſcene inſpires! Here, Chloe, let us reſt a while. My brother will bring back the flocks to the fold.

CHLOE. This ſweet place enchants me. The ſoft coolneſs of the evening is delicious. Daphne, we will reſt here a while.

DAPHNE. Doſt thou ſee, Chloe, near to that rock, the garden of the young Alexis? Let us approach the hedge of roſe-trees that ſurrounds it. It is the moſt beautiful garden in the country. Is there any other of which the aſpect is ſo delightful? No; none that is cultivated with ſo much care!

CHLOE. Let us go to it, Daphne.

DAPHNE. No ſhepherd underſtands the culture of plants ſo well as Alexis. Chloe, does any one?

CHLOE. No, none.

DAPHNE. How freſh and flouriſhing are all things here! whether they creep upon the ground, or climb the propping poles. There, pours the cryſtal ſpring, which, falling from the ſummit of the rock, murmurs through the garden's ſhades. Obſerve the point of that rock over the caſcade; there, Alexis has formed a bower of honeyſuckles. From the boſom of that receſs, how raviſhing muſt be the proſpect of this wide landſcape!

CHLOE. Daphne, you praiſe with tranſport. Yes, all that we ſee, is charming. The garden of the young Alexis, is the moſt delightful of all the gardens in theſe parts. His flowers are the faireſt. There is no fountain whoſe murmurs are ſo ſweet, whoſe water is ſo refreſhing.

DAPHNE. But you ſmile, Chloe.

CHLOE. No, Daphne, no: obſerve this roſe

which I have plucked: is not the fragrance it breathes, ſweeter than that of all other roſes? Could it have been more delicious, if cultured by the hand of Love himſelf?

DAPHNE. Chloe!

CHLOE. Ah, why would you ſuppreſs the ſigh with which your boſom heaves?

DAPHNE. Come, let us begone.

CHLOE. So ſoon? No, this place delights me; I am ſo happy here!—But hark, I hear a noiſe. Under the dark ſhade of theſe lilacs we ſhall not be perceived. Doſt thou ſee him? It is Alexis, it is he himſelf. Tell me ſoftly in my ear, is he not the handſomeſt of all the ſhepherds?

DAPHNE. Ah! let me go.

CHLOE. No, I will not let thee go. He is penſive, he ſighs. Surely ſome ſhepherdeſs has ſtolen his heart. My dear, your hand trembles in mine. Fear nothing, here is no wolf.

The young ſhepherdeſſes conceal themſelves under the thick ſhade of the lilacs; and Alexis, not

knowing that he is heard, raiſes his melodious voice, and thus ſings.

" O thou ſerene and ſilver moon, be witneſs to my ſighs; and, you peaceful groves, how often have you ſighed, after me, the name of Daphne! Tender flowers, which breathe your fragrance around me; the dew of evening glitters on your leaves, while my cheeks are bathed with the tears of love. Ah! if I dared—Why can I not ſay—Daphne! I love thee more than the bee loveth the ſpring.

" I found her the other day at the fountain; ſhe came to fill a heavy pitcher with water. Let me, I ſaid, with a faltering voice, carry that burthen, too weighty for thy arm. You are extremely kind, ſhe ſaid, all trembling. I took the pitcher. Timid, my ſighs with pain I ſtifled, while, with downcaſt eyes, I walked by her ſide, but did not dare to ſay, Daphne! I love thee more than the bee loveth the ſpring.

" Poor Narciſſus, how mournfully by my ſide thou hangeſt thy head! the morning ſaw thee in all thy ſplendor; thou art now withered. Thus my

youthful days will periſh, if Daphne ſhall diſdain my love. Then, ye charming flowers, ye various plants, that have ever been my dear delight, the objects of my tendereſt cares; deprived of culture, you will wither; for joy ſhall be for ever baniſhed from my heart. Choked will you be with weeds, while the thorn and briar hang over you their fatal ſhade; and, you young trees, planted by my hands, you that bear ſuch delicious fruits, deſpoiled of all your gay attire, your withered branches mournfully ſhall riſe over this ſavage place, while I ſhall paſs the remainder of my days in ſighs and tears.

"Mayſt thou, when my aſhes here repoſe, mayſt thou then, ſurrounded with all earthly bliſs, enjoy the moſt enchanting pleaſures in the arms of a more amiable, happy lover!—No—Diſtracting thoughts, why do you thus torment my ſoul!—I ſtill behold ſome glimmering rays of hope. Does not Daphne ſmile with a gracious air, when, with lingering ſteps, I paſs before her? Seated, the other day, on the declivity of the hill, I played on my pipe, while ſhe paſſed along the

bordering vale. Suddenly ſhe ſtopped; which I no ſooner ſaw, than my lips trembled, and my fingers running wildly over the reed, formed—but incoherent ſounds. Yet ſtill ſhe ſtopped and liſtened.

"O if, one day thy ſpouſe, I ſhall conduct thee to theſe ſhades: ye then, fair flowers, in all your livelieſt colours ſhine, and around her pour your ſweet fragrance; and, you young trees, bow down your loaded branches, and offer her your moſt delicious fruits."

Thus ſang Alexis. Daphne ſighed, while her trembling hand was by Chloe's held. But Chloe called to the young ſhepherd. "Alexis," ſhe cried, "Daphne loves thee; ſee where ſhe lies reclined beneath the lilac's ſhade. Come, let thy kiſſes catch the tears of love which gliſten on her cheeks." With a timid air he ran. But how can I deſcribe his tranſports, when Daphne, confuſed, and leaning upon Chloe's breaſt, confeſſed her love!

THE VOYAGE.

It flies! the veſſel that bears Daphne to a diſtant ſhore. Ah! may only Zephyr and the Loves, play around her.

Waves, float gently round the veſſel! When her tender looks view your idle gambols; Gods! ſhe, then, will think of me.

May the birds which inhabit the groves, that border on the ſhore, ſing but for thee! May the ſhrubs and the reeds, ſhaken by the gentle gales, invite thee to theſe ſhades!

O ſea, be thy bright ſurface for ever calm! Never was more beauteous object confided to thy waves. The image of the ſun, reflected by thy cryſtal waters, is not ſo unſullied as her beauty.

Venus had not more charms, when ſhe roſe from the ſea's reſplendent foam, and mounted her ſilver car; when, at her aſpect, the enchanted Tritons

forgot their noiſy ſports, forgot the nymphs with bulruſhes all crowned.

They regarded not the troubled looks nor ſneering ſmiles of the jealous nymphs, while, plunged in moſt delightful ecſtaſies, their eyes ſtill purſued the tranſporting goddeſs to the ſhady banks.

THE CARNATION.

As Doris was walking in the garden, ſhe perceived, near a hedge of elms, a carnation juſt blown, and variegated with the moſt brilliant colours. She approached it, and with a ſmiling air, her lovely face reclined over the flower. While ſhe inhaled its ſweet fragrance, the carnation ſeemed to kiſs her lips. At that ſight, I felt my cheeks inflamed, and ſaid; Why cannot I, ah! why cannot I ſo touch thy vermilion lips? Doris retired. I approached the carnation. Shall I pluck thee? ſhall I pluck thee, fair flower! that haſt touched her lips? Thy odours are more grateful to me, than is the dew of heaven to the flowers of the field. I ſtretched my hand out, eager to ſeize it: but, on a ſudden, ſaid to myſelf, What! ſhall I tear the flower that ſhe has cheriſhed? No, Doris ſhall place thee in her boſom, to meet her breath

more fragrant; and thy delicious odours ſhall riſe as the incenſe aſcends to heaven, when we offer our vows to the goddeſs of beauty.

CLIMENA AND DAMON.

CLIMENA. Tell me, dear Damon, to what haſt thou deſtined that little altar? To what divinity ſhall it be conſecrated?

DAMON. Doſt thou not know, my Climena, what charms attract me to the banks of this quiet ſtream? Haſt thou forgotten that, in the days of our infancy, it was our favourite retreat?

Here, when we paſſed our time together, neither of us taller than this young columbine, our hours flew rapidly away, and we were happy in the ſweet ſports of innocence. It is therefore, Climena, that I erect this little altar. I would pay my homage to the god of Senſibility; for his fires, O, delightful remembrance! his fires then glowed in, and inflamed our hearts.

CLIMENA. Can the remembrance be more dear to thee, Damon, than to me? Here, around this altar, I will plant myrtles and roſe trees. If Pan

ſhall prove propitious, their branches will ſoon riſe above the ſummit of the altar, and form a verdant temple, to which we ſhall reſort to pay our adoration to innocence and love.

DAMON. Seeſt thou this thicket? Its branches ſtill aſcend in arches, though now neglected. This was our habitation. We raiſed the roof as high as we could reach; yet a goat would have pierced the top with his horns,—ſuch was its height. Branches of willow formed the walls, and a ſmall chequer of roſe-trees cloſed the entrance to our dwelling. How delicious were all the hours we paſſed in this lovely retreat!

CLIMENA. Did not I too plant before our houſe, a little garden? and did we not ſurround it with a hedge of bulruſhes? So high it was, that a ſheep would have brows'd it in a moment.

DAMON. Can the favour of the gods reſt upon the houſe where no children are? You found a little mutilated image of the god of love, and, like a fond mother, you were prodigal of your care and careſſes. A nut-ſhell was its bed, and you lulled it

with your ſongs, while it repoſed on the leaves of roſes.

CLIMENA. Yes, Damon, and that god will reward the ingenuous cares of our infancy.

DAMON. I one day made a little cage of ruſhes. I put a graſshopper into it, and then preſented it to you. You would have taken it from the cage to play with; but, as you held it, in ſtruggling to eſcape, it left one of its ſlender legs between your fingers. Fluttering with pain, the graſshopper remained fixed on the ſtalk of a flower. Ah, look! you ſaid, how the poor inſect trembles! Thou art tortured, and I am the cauſe of thy miſery. Your eyes were bathed in tears, and I rejoiced to ſee you ſo tender and compaſſionate.

CLIMENA. Thy goodneſs, Damon, appeared to me far more affecting, on the day my brother took two young linnets from their neſt. Give me, you ſaid, theſe little birds: but he would not part with them. I will give thee this crook for them: look with what art I have adorned it; ſee how this brown bark and theſe green twigs twine round the ſhining rod.

The offer was accepted. When you had got the tender birds, you put them in your little baſket, and climbing the tree, placed them gently in their neſt. Then tears of joy ran down my cheeks: I ſhould have loved thee from that moment, had I never loved thee before.

DAMON. Thus ſweetly paſſed the hours away, when, in our infant ſports, I was thy huſband, and thou my wife.

CLIMENA. And thoſe hours ſhall I ever remember with delight.

DAMON. How happy will be each moment of our lives, if, with the next new moon, as your mother hath promiſed, Hymen ſhall unite our loves, and realize our infant paſtimes!

CLIMENA. If the propitious gods ſhall deign to bleſs our lot, never, my companion, no, never were lovers more happy than we.

The AUTUMNAL MORNING.

ALREADY had the ſun's rays gilded the ſummit of the mountains, and proclaimed the approach of the faireſt of autumnal days, when Milo placed himſelf at his window. The ſun then ſhone through the branches of the vine, whoſe verdure, mixed with purple and aurora, formed over the window a ſhady arbour, that lightly waved to the morning's gentle gale. The ſky was ſerene; a ſea of vapours covered the valley. The higheſt hills, crowned with ſmoking cottages, and with the party-coloured garb of autumn, roſe like iſlands, illumed by the ſun's rays, out of the boſom of that ſea. The trees, loaded with ripening fruits, preſented to the eye a brilliant mixture of a thouſand ſhades of gold and purple, with ſome remains of verdure. Milo, in ſweet ecſtaſy, ſuffered his view to wander over the vaſt expanſe. Sometimes he heard far off, ſometimes more near, the joyous bleating of the ſheep, the flutes of

the ſhepherds, and the warblings of the birds, which by turns purſued each other on the floating gales, or died away in the vapours of the valley. Immerſed in deep contemplation, for a long time he ſtood motionleſs; then, fired with a ſudden tranſport of divine enthuſiaſm, he ſeized his lyre, that hung againſt the wall; and thus he ſang:

"Grant, O grant me, Gods! the power to expreſs my tranſports and my gratitude, in hymns worthy of you! Full-blown nature now ſhines forth in all her charms: her riches ſhe profuſely pours around: mirth and feſtivity reign over all the plains. The proſperous year ſmiles in our vines and orchards. How beautiful appears this wide rural ſcene! How delightful the variegated dreſs of autumn!"

Happy the man whoſe heart feels no remorſe, who, content with his lot, frequently enjoys the delight of doing good. The ſerenity of the morning invites him to new joy: his days are full of happineſs; and night finds him in the arms of the ſweeteſt ſlumber: his mind is for ever open to the impreſ-

ſions of pleaſure. The various beauties of the ſeaſons enchant him; and he alone enjoys all the bounties of nature.

But, thrice bleſſed is he, who ſhares his happineſs with a companion formed by Virtue and the Graces; with one like thee, my beloved Daphne. Since Hymen united our deſtinies, every other bliſs has been doubly delightful to me. Yes, ſince Hymen united our deſtinies, they are like the concord of two flutes, whoſe pure and ſweet accents repeat the ſame air. Whoever hears them, is thrilled with joy. Did my eyes ever expreſs a deſire, that thou didſt not accompliſh? Have I ever taſted any happineſs, that thou didſt not augment? Did any care ever purſue me to thy arms, that thou didſt not diſpel, as the vernal ſun diſpels the fogs? Yes, my ſpouſe, on the day when I conducted thee to my cottage, I ſaw all the joys of life attend thy train, and join themſelves to our houſehold gods, there for ever to abide. Domeſtic order and neatneſs, fortitude and joy, preſide over all our labours; and the gods vouchſafe to bleſs my undertakings.

Since thou haſt been the treaſure of my heart, ſince thou haſt been mine, O Daphne! all that ſurrounds me, is become more pleaſing to my ſight; proſperity reſts on my cottage, and dwells among my flocks, my plantations, and my harveſts. Each day's labour is a new pleaſure; and, when I return fatigued to this peaceful roof, how am I ſolaced by thy tender aſſiduity! Spring now appears more joyous; ſummer and autumn more rich: and, when winter covers our habitation with its hoary froſt, then, before the glowing fire, ſeated by thy ſide, I enjoy, in the midſt of the moſt tender cares and pleaſing converſe, the delicious pleaſure of domeſtic tranquillity. Let the north wind rage, let ſtorms of ſnow hide the face of all the country from my view; ſhut up with thee, my Daphne! I feel, I more ſenſibly feel, that thou art all to me. And you, my lovely infants! crown my felicity: Adorned with all the graces of your mother, you are to us an earneſt of heaven's unbounded favours. The firſt words that Daphne taught you to liſp, were, that you loved me. Health and gaiety ſmile

in all your features, and ſweet complacency ſhines already in your eyes: you are the joy of our youth, and your proſperity will be the comfort of our latter days. When, returning from the labours of the field, or from guarding my flocks, you meet me at the cottage-door with ſhouts of joy; when, hanging on my knees, you receive, with the tranſports of innocence, the trifling preſents of fruits that I have gathered, or the little inſtruments that I have made, while tending my flocks, to form your hands, as yet too feeble, to culture the garden or the field; Gods! how does the ſweet ſimplicity of your joys delight me! In my tranſport, O Daphne! I ruſh to thy arms, that open to embrace me; then, with what enchanting grace you kiſs away my tears of joy!"

While he thus ſang, Daphne entered, holding in each arm an infant, more beautiful than Love himſelf. The morning, bathed in reſplendent dew, is not ſo charming as was Daphne, while tears of joy ran down her cheeks. O, my love! ſhe ſighing ſaid, how happy am I! We are come, O, we

are come, to thank thee for thy tender love. At theſe words, he claſped the lovely infants and their mother in his arms: loſt in delight, they could not ſpeak. Ah! he who, at that inſtant, had ſeen them, muſt ſure have felt in his heart, that the virtuous man alone is happy.

SUPPLICATION TO THE NYMPHS.

GRANT, O Nymphs! grant, that the waters of your ſpring may lave my wounded ſide. Give to this fountain a ſalutary power; for it was not rage or enmity that cauſed this blood to flow. The tender ſon of Amyntas, aſſailed by a wolf, made the woods reſound with his cries. Thanks to the immortal powers! I inſtantly flew to his aid. While the ravenous beaſt was ſtruggling under my blows, with his keen teeth he tore my ſide. O Nymphs! be not offended that the blood which flows from my wound, pollutes your cryſtal waters. To-morrow, by the early dawn, I will ſacrifice to you, on this bank, a kid, white as the ſnow juſt fallen from the ſkies.

THE ZEPHYRS.

First Zephyr. Why doſt thou thus idly flutter among theſe roſe trees? Come, let us fly together to the midſt of yonder valley. Thoſe ſhades conceal the nymphs who bathe in the tranſparent waters of the lake.

Second Zephyr. I will not follow thee. Go, friſk about thy nymphs; a more delightful taſk detains me here. I ſhall imbrue my wings in the dew that bathes theſe flowers, and gather their delicious perfumes.

First Zephyr. Is that a more delightful taſk than to mingle with the ſportive nymphs, who breathe, for ever, gaiety and joy?

Second Zephyr. A tender virgin, beauteous as the youngeſt of the Graces, will preſently paſs by this place. With each returning dawn, bearing on her arm a well-ſtored baſket, ſhe repairs to the cottage on the ſummit of yon hill. Doſt thou not

see it? 'Tis that, of which the mossy roof reflects the first rays of the morning. Thither Melinda bears relief to indigence. A woman, virtuous, but infirm and poor, dwells in that humble cot. Two infants, in the opening flower of innocence, would cry for hunger by the bed of their unfortunate mother, were not Melinda their guardian angel. Transported with having administered consolation to distress, she will soon return, her lovely cheeks glowing with heartfelt joy, and her bright eyes still bathed with the tears of pity. I wait for her return in this thicket of roses. As soon as she appears, I fly to meet her; and my wings, spreading round her the sweetest odours, will cool her burning cheeks; while I kiss the tears just starting from her eyes. This is my delightful task.

First Zephyr. You transport me. How sweet is your employ! I will, like thee, imbrue my wings in the dew that bathes these flowers; like thee I will gather their odours; and like thee, at the return of Melinda, I will fly to meet her. But see, from yonder grove she comes, all beauteous

as the morning of the faireſt day. Virtue ſmiles on her roſy lips. Her gait and geſture are thoſe of the Graces. Come, let us ſpread our wings; never have I fanned more ſweetly bluſhing cheeks, nor a viſage more enchanting.

AMYNTAS.

LYCAS and I came from Miletum, bearing our offerings to Apollo. We perceived, at a diſtance, the hill on which the temple, adorned with columns of reſplendent white marble, roſe, from the boſom of a laurel grove, toward the azure vault of Heaven: beyond the grove, our view was loſt in the ſea's unbounded ſurface. It was mid-day. The ſand ſcorched the ſoles of our feet, and the ſun darted his rays ſo directly on our heads, that the ſhadows of the locks of hair which covered our foreheads, extended over the whole face. The panting lizard dragged himſelf with pain among the ferns that bordered the path. No ſound was heard, ſave that of the graſshopper chirping amidſt the meadow's withered graſs. At each ſtep there roſe a cloud of fiery duſt that inflamed our eyes, and bedaubed our parched lips. Thus we laboured on, oppreſſed by languor; but ſoon increaſed our

pace, when we ſaw before us, even on the border of our path, ſome high and ſpreading trees. Their ſhade was dark as night. Seized with religious awe, we entered the grove, and there inhaled a a moſt refreſhing breeze. This delicious place afforded, at once, all that could regale every ſenſe. The tufted trees incloſed a verdant ſpot, watered by a pure and gelid ſtream. The branches of the trees, bending with golden fruit, hung over the channel; and the wild roſe, jeſſamine, and mulberry, twined in rich cluſters round their trunks. A bubbling ſpring roſe from the foot of a monument, ſurrounded by honeyſuckles, the ſickly willow, and the creeping ivy.—O gods! I cried, how enchanting is this place! my ſoul venerates the beneficent hand that planted theſe delightful ſhades. His aſhes here, perhaps, repoſe. See here, cries Lycas, ſee thoſe characters that appear through the branches of the honeyſuckle on the front of the tomb. They, perhaps, will tell us, who it was vouchſafed this ſolace for the weary traveller? He

turned aſide the branches with his ſtaff, and read theſe words:

"Here reſt the aſhes of Amyntas, whoſe whole "life was one continued ſeries of bounteous deeds: "deſirous to extend his goodneſs far beyond the "grave, he hither led this ſtream, and planted "theſe trees." Bleſſed be thy aſhes, generous man! May thy poſterity be for ever bleſſed! While I was ſpeaking, we perceived at a diſtance, through the trees, ſome perſon advancing towards us. It was a young and beauteous woman; her ſhape was elegant; in her deportment appeared a noble ſimplicity; on her arm ſhe bore an earthen vaſe. Advancing to the fountain, ſhe addreſſed us in a courteous voice. You are ſtrangers, ſhe ſaid, fatigued, no doubt, with a tedious journey in the heat of the day. Say, do you want any refreſhment you have not here met with? We thank you, I replied, we thank you, amiable and beneficent woman. What could we wiſh for more? The waters of this ſtream are ſo pure, ſo delicious are theſe fruits, and theſe ſhades ſo refreſhing!

We are filled with veneration for that worthy man whoſe aſhes reſt here: his bounty hath anticipated every want the traveller can know. You ſeem to be of this country, and doubtleſs knew him. Ah! tell us, while we repoſe beneath theſe cooling ſhades, tell us who was this virtuous man?

The woman, then ſeating herſelf at the foot of the tomb, and leaning on the vaſe, which ſhe placed by her ſide, with a gracious ſmile replied:

His name was Amyntas. To honour the gods, and do good to mankind, was his greateſt felicity. There is not a ſhepherd in all this country, who does not revere his memory with the warmeſt gratitude; not one who does not, with tears of joy, relate ſome inſtance of his uprightneſs or beneficence. I owe to him, myſelf, all that I enjoy; it was by him that I became the happieſt of women—here her eyes were filled with tears—I am the wife of his ſon.—My father died, leaving my mother and myſelf in grief and poverty. Retiring to a ſolitary cottage, we there lived by the labour of our hands, and by the bountiful benevolence of virtue.—Two

goats which gave us milk, and the fruits of a ſmall orchard, were all our wealth.—Theſe comforts did not long laſt; my mother died, and I was left alone, without ſupport or conſolation. Amyntas then took me to his houſe, and committing to my care the conduct of his family, was, to me, more a father than a maſter. His ſon, the handſomeſt of all the ſhepherds of theſe hamlets, ſaw with what tender ſolicitude I ſought to deſerve ſo dear an aſylum. He ſaw my faithful labours and aſſiduous cares.—He loved me, and he told me that he loved me. I would not confeſs, to myſelf, what my heart at that moment felt.—Damon, I ſaid, forget thy love; I was born in indigence; and am quite happy to be a ſervant in thy houſe. This to him I often earneſtly repeated: but he would not forego his love.

One day, while I for uſe prepared our fleecy ſtores before the cottage door, Amyntas came and ſat down by me before the morning ſun. After looking a long time at me; with a gracious ſmile, he ſaid—My child, thy candour, cares, and modeſty,

delight me. I love thee, and I will, if the gods ſhall prove propitious, I will make thee happy.—Could I, O my dear maſter, could I be more happy, if I were worthy of your bounty? was all I could reply; while tears of gratitude flowed from my eyes. My child, he ſaid, I would honour the memory of thy parents; I would ſee, in my old age, my ſon and thee made happy. He loves thee: will his love, tell me, will his love make thee happy? The work fell from my hands; I trembled, bluſhed, and ſtood motionleſs before him. He took me by the hand: My ſon's love—tell me, again he ſaid, will his love make thee happy? I fell at his feet, and my voice died on my lips. I preſſed his hand to my cheek, bedewed with tears; and, from that fortunate day, I have been the happieſt of women. She pauſed a while, then, drying her eyes, continued thus: Such was the man, whoſe aſhes here repoſe! You may ſtill wiſh to know how he brought hither this ſtream, and planted theſe trees: I ſhall now inform you.

In his latter days, he frequently came to this ſpot, and ſeated himſelf on the ſide of the high-way. With an affable and ſmiling aſpect, he ſaluted the paſſengers, and offered refreſhment to the weary traveller. And what, he one day ſaid, if I ſhould here plant fruit-trees, and under their ſhade conduct a freſh and limpid ſtream? Both ſhade and water are far diſtant. I then ſhall ſolace, a long time after I am gone, the man fatigued with travel, and him that faints amid the noon-day's ardour. This deſign he ſoon executed. Hither he conducted that pure ſtream, and around it diſpoſed theſe fertile trees, whoſe fruits ripen in different ſeaſons. The work complete, he repaired to the temple of Apollo, and having preſented his offering, he made this prayer: "O God, proſper the young trees I have "juſt planted, that the pious man, as he reſorts "to thy temple, may refreſh himſelf under their "ſhade!"

The god vouchſafed to hear his prayer. Amyntas, riſing early next morning, directed his firſt looks towards this ſpot: but, how was he tranſport-

ed, when, inſtead of the ſaplings he had planted, he ſaw tall and ſpreading trees! O God! he cried, what do I behold! Tell me, O my children, is it a dream that deludes me? I ſee the plants that I ſet but yeſterday, changed into vigorous and lofty trees. Tranſported with devout admiration, we all went to the grove. The branches of the trees, already in their full vigour, and loaded with fruit, bowed down to the flowery turf. O wonderful! the old man cried, ſhall I, even in the winter of my days, ſtill walk beneath theſe ſhades! We poured forth our thankſgivings, and ſacrificed to the God who had granted, nay, had even exceeded, the prayers of Amyntas. But, alas! this old man, ſo favoured by the gods, did not long frequent this bower. He died, and we have here depoſited his remains, that all who repoſe under theſe ſhades, may bleſs the precious relics.

At this relation, impreſſed with deep reſpect, we bleſſed the aſhes of the worthy man; and ſaid to his daughter: "This ſtream we have found moſt "pleaſing; by theſe ſhades we have been refreſhed,

« but much more by the recital you have made. « May the gods, each moment of your life, pour « down their bleſſings on you ! » And, filled with divine ſenſations, we directed our ſteps to the Temple of Apollo.

THYRSIS.

In vain, ſaid Thyrſis, ſighing forth his pain, in vain, propitious nymph, you breathe ſuch ſweet refreſhing gales amid theſe ſhades. 'Tis not for me, your urns pour down the limpid ſtream under the ſhelter of theſe groves. I burn, alas! I burn, as in the furious heats of harveſt. Seated at the foot of the hill, on which Chloe's cottage ſtands, I ſang, to reſponſive echo, a tender air. The upper declivity of the hill is ſhaded by a garden of fruit-trees, which her own hands cultivate. By my ſide rolled a murmuring ſtream, that in its winding courſe flows through the garden. Often in this flood ſhe laves her hands and roſy cheeks.—Sudden I heard the ſound of the bolt that faſtens the garden door. Chloe came forth. A ſoft zephyr wantoned in her flaxen treſſes. How beauteous ſhe appeared! In one hand ſhe bore a curious baſket, filled with the choiceſt fruits, and with the other, (modeſty con-

ceals, even when ſhe thinks no one ſees) with the other ſhe held her robe acroſs her riſing boſom, which the ſportive zephyrs ſtrove to unveil. Her airy garment, winding in graceful folds about her ſhape and knees, floated behind her, at the pleaſure of the ruſtling winds.

As Chloe thus paſſed along the ſummit of the hill, two apples fell from her baſket, and rolled down to my feet, as if by Love himſelf impelled. I picked them up, and, preſſing them to my lips, aſcended the hill, and gave them to the blooming maid. My hand trembled—I would have ſpoken, but could only ſigh. Chloe inclined her eyes, while a lovely bluſh ſpread over her cheeks. Then, with a gracious air, ſhe ſmiled; again ſhe bluſhed, and preſented me the faireſt apple. Both abaſhed, quite motionleſs we ſtood. Ah! what did I not at that moment feel! Then, with lingering ſteps, ſhe returned home. My looks ſtill gazed upon her. At the door of her cottage ſhe ſtopped, and with a courteous air again turned towards me. My eyes, long after ſhe was gone, remained gazing wiſtfully

on the threſhold of her door. At laſt, I deſcended the hill, my knees trembling under me. Love, O tender Love, be propitious to my vows! Ah! what I have ſince that moment felt, can never be effaced from my heart!

TO LOVE.

LOVELY God of Cyprus, it was on the firſt of May I raiſed to thee this altar, at the bottom of my garden, and crowned it with a bower of myrtles and roſes! Love! on this altar have I not, each morning, offered to thee a garland of flowers, bedewed with the tears of Aurora? Alas! thou derideſt my vows. The north winds have already blaſted the verdure of the trees and meadows; yet Phillis—Phillis remains ſtill cruel, as on the firſt of May.

DAPHNIS.

On a fair ſummer night, Daphnis ſtole to the cottage of his love. True love can ſeldom ſleep. The wide expanſe of heaven was ſtrewed with glittering ſtars. The moon ſhone ſoftly through the dark ſhades of the foreſt. All the country round was ſtill and gloomy. All nature ſeemed huſhed in repoſe. Except ſome ſparkles of the torch of night, which played upon the purling brooks, and here and there a glow-worm, wandering in the dark; all other lights were out.

Daphnis, in a ſweet melancholy, ſeated himſelf before the cottage of his miſtreſs. His eyes glanced on the window of the chamber where ſhe ſlept. The window was partly open to the ſoft gales of the night, and to the gentle rays of the moon. Daphnis, in a low voice, thus ſang:

"May thy ſlumbers be tranquil, O my beloved! and refreſhing as the morning breeze. Reſt gently

on thy couch, as the drops of dew repoſe upon the leaves of the lily, when no breath of wind agitates the flowers. How ſoft are the ſlumbers of innocence!

"Deſcend from heaven, ſweet dreams! you that attend the lovely train of ſports and mirth! deſcend on Cynthia's rays, and hover over my love. Preſent to her mind nought but ſmiling plains, green paſtures, and milk-white flocks.

"Let her think, ſhe hears a concert of the ſweeteſt flutes, reſounding in the ſolitary valley, as if it were Apollo's ſelf that played. May ſhe ſeem to bathe in ſome limpid ſtream, beneath the ſhade of jeſſamines and myrtle, beheld by none except the birds that fly from tree to tree, and ſing for her alone! Let her ſeem to ſport among the Graces; let them call her their companion and their ſiſter; and may they together wander in the moſt delightful fields, gathering flowers; the garlands made by Phillis being worn by the Graces; thoſe made by them, being worn by her.

" Lovely dreams! conduct her to the groves, where flowers are interwoven with the verdure. There, let the little Loves purſue and play around her, as bees about the new-blown roſe. Let one of the lovely group ſettle at her feet, bearing a fragrant apple: while another preſents her with red, tranſparent grapes; and others wave the flowers with their wings, to diffuſe around her the ſweeteſt odours.

" Within the grove, let the Paphian god appear; but, without his arrows or his quiver; leſt he alarm her timid innocence. Let him be adorned only with the charms of his enchanting youth.

" Sweet dreams! deign at laſt to preſent to her my image. Let her ſee me languiſh at her feet, and, with downcaſt eyes, ſay, in faltering accents, that for love of her I die. Never, O never, yet have I dared to tell it her. Ah! at this dream, may a ſigh heave her boſom! May ſhe then bluſh, and ſmile upon me! Why am not I as beautiful as Apollo, when he guarded the flocks? Why are not my ſongs as melodious as thoſe of the nightin-

gale? Why have I not every perfection, to deſerve her love?"

Thus ſang the ſhepherd, and then, by the light of the moon, returned to his cottage. Dreams of hope beguiled the remaining hours of night. At break of day, he led his flock by the ſide of the hill, where the cottage of Phyllis ſtood. His ſheep went ſlowly on, browzing on the ſides of the path. Feed on, my ſheep; feed on, my tender lambs; there is no ſweeter paſture. The verdure, on which Phyllis caſts her eyes, becomes more pleaſing; and the flowers are eager to adorn the path ſhe treads.

While he thus ſpoke, Phyllis appeared at her window. The morning ſun brightened her beauteous countenance. He ſaw that ſhe regarded him with a gentle ſmile: he even ſaw a vivid bluſh glow on her cheeks. With lingering ſteps, and a heart that throbbed with joy, he paſſed before her. She ſaluted him with a lovely air; and her looks, complacent, ſtill purſued him—for ſhe had liſtened to his midnight ſong.

CORYDON AND MENALCAS.

CORYDON. I BORE my offering to the God of Love, in the little marble temple. I ſuſpended to the myrtles that ſurround it, a ſmall wicker baſket, neatly wrought, garlands of freſh blown flowers, and my beſt pipe. I invoked the God of Love, and ſaid, O tender Love! deign to ſmile upon the offering of my heart. Well, Menalcas, paſſing yeſterday by the temple, I entered the grove of myrtles. I looked at my little baſket, and, what do you think I ſaw? A bird, of the moſt beautiful plumage, was perching on the edge of the baſket, and chanting his loves. At my approach, he flew away. I looked into my baſket, and found a neſt carefully conſtructed, with little eggs but newly hatched. The mother, diſturbed and trembling, endeavoured to cover them with her wings; and, looking at me, ſeemed to ſay, Gentle ſhepherd! do not moleſt my tender young. I retired: when the

father, who flew in circles round my head, ſettled again upon the edge of the baſket; and I heard them ſweetly warble ſongs of joy and tenderneſs. Now, tell me, dear Menalcas, you who know to explain every omen; tell me, what does this portend?

MENALCAS. That, in the boſom of the pureſt happineſs united, the maid of your heart, and you, ſhall paſs your peaceful days; and, that Juno Lucina ſhall bleſs your loves!

CORYDON. By the gods! it is what I thought! But, to be well aſſured, I would conſult thy wiſdom. Take this white kid, and this pitcher filled with honey, ſweet as the lips of my ſhepherdeſs, and pure as the breath of heaven: I preſent them to thee. He ſaid, and went away, leaping with joy, like a young goat that bounds amidſt the dew of May.

GLYCERA.

GLYCERA was beautiful and poor. Scarce had ſhe numbered ſixteen ſprings, when ſhe loſt the mother who had brought her up. Reduced to ſervitude, ſhe kept the flocks of Lamon, who cultivated the lands of a rich citizen of Mitylene. One day, her eyes flowing with tears, ſhe went to viſit the ſolitary ſpot where her mother was laid. She poured upon the grave a cup of pure water, and ſuſpended crowns of flowers on the branches of the ſhrubs ſhe had planted round it. Seated beneath the mournful ſhade, and drying up her tears, ſhe ſaid, "O thou tendereſt of mothers! how dear to my heart is the remembrance of thy virtues! If ever I forget the inſtructions thou gaveſt me, with ſuch a tranquil ſmile, in that fatal moment when, inclining thy head upon my boſom, I ſaw thee expire;—if ever I forget them, may the propitious gods forſake me! and may thy ſacred ſhade for ever

fly me! It is thou that haſt juſt preſerved my innocence. I come to tell thy manes all. Wretch that I am! Is there any one on earth, to whom I dare open my heart? Nicias, the lord of this country, came hither to enjoy the pleaſures of the autumn. He ſaw me; he regarded me with a mild and gracious air. He praiſed my flocks, and the care I took of them. He often told me that I was handſome, and made me preſents. Gods! how was I deceived! But, in the country, who miſtruſts? I ſaid to myſelf, "How kind our maſter is! May the gods reward him! All my vows ſhall be for him: it is all that I can do; but I will for ever do it. The rich are happy, and favoured by the immortals. When bountiful, like Nicias, they deſerve to be happy." This to myſelf I ſaid, and let him take my hand, and preſs it in his. The other day, I bluſhed, and dared not look up, when he put a gold ring upon my finger. See, he ſaid, ſee what is engraved on this ſtone? A winged child, who ſmiles like thee; and it is he muſt make thee happy. As he ſpoke theſe words, he patted,

with his hand, my deeply bluſhing cheeks. "He loves me; he has the tenderneſs of a father for me: How have I deſerved ſo much kindneſs from a lord, and ſo rich and powerful?" O, my mother! that was all thy poor child thought. Heavens! how was I deceived! This morning, he found me in the orchard; he chucked me familiarly under the chin. Come, he ſaid, bring me ſome new-blown flowers to the myrtle bower, that I may there enjoy their ſweet fragrance. With haſte, I choſe the fineſt flowers, and, full of joy, I ran to the bower. Thou art, he ſaid, nimbler than the zephyrs, and more beautiful than the goddeſs of flowers. Then, immortal gods! I yet tremble at the thought! then, he ſeized me in his arms, and preſſed me to his boſom; and, all that love can promiſe, all that is ſoft and ſeducing, flowed from his lips. I wept; I trembled. Unable to reſiſt ſuch arts, I had been for ever loſt. No, thou wouldſt no longer have had a child, if the remembrance of thee, had not watched over my heart. Ah! if thy worthy mother had ever ſeen thee ſuffer ſuch diſgraceful careſſes! That

thought alone gave me power to force myſelf from the arms of the ſeducer, and fly. Now, I come; O, with what comfort is it, that I ſtill dare! I come to weep over thy grave! Alas! poor and unfortunate as I am, why did I loſe thee, when ſo young? I droop like a flower, deprived of the ſupport that ſuſtained its feeble ſtalk. This cup of pure water, I pour to the honour of thy ſhade. Accept this garland! Receive my tears! May they water thy aſhes! Hear, O my mother, hear! it is to thy dear remains, reſting beneath theſe flowers, which my eyes have ſo often bedewed—it is to thy ſacred ſhade, I here renew the vows of my heart. Virtue, innocence, and the fear of the gods, ſhall make the happineſs of my days. Therefore, poverty ſhall never diſturb the ſerenity of my mind. May I do nothing, that thou wouldſt not have approved with a ſmile of tenderneſs; and I ſhall ſurely be, as thou waſt, beloved of gods and men: for I ſhall be gentle, modeſt, and induſtrious. O, my mother! by living thus, I hope to die, like thee, with ſmiles and tears of joy."

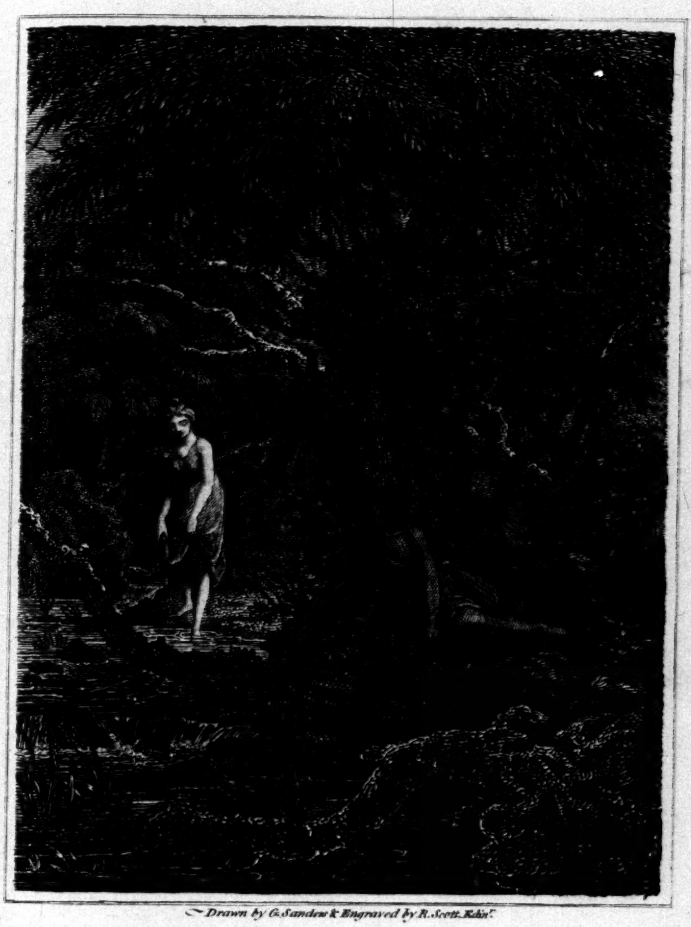
Glycera, on quitting the ſpot, felt all the powerful charms of virtue. The virtuous ardour, which was kindled in her mind, ſparkled in her eyes, ſtill wet with tears. She was beautiful, as thoſe days of ſpring, when the ſun ſhines through a tranſient ſhower. With a mind perfectly tranquil, ſhe was haſtening back to her labour, when Nicias ran to meet her. O Glycera! he ſaid, and tears flowed down his cheeks, I have heard thee, at thy mother's tomb. Fear nothing, virtuous maid! I thank the immortal gods! I thank that virtue, which hath preſerved me from the crime of ſeducing thy innocence! Forgive me, chaſte Glycera! forgive; nor dread in me a freſh offence. My virtue triumphs through thine. Be wiſe, be virtuous, and be ever happy. That meadow, ſurrounded with trees, near to thy mother's tomb, and half the flock thou keepeſt, are thine. May a man, of equal virtue, complete the happineſs of thy days! Weep not, virtuous maid, but accept the preſent I offer thee, with a ſincere heart; and ſuffer me henceforth to watch over thy happineſs. If thou refuſe me, re-

morſe, for offending thy virtue, will be the torment of all my days. Forget, O vouchſafe to forget my crime; and I will revere thee, as a propitious power, that hath defended me againſt myſelf.

THE NOSEGAY.

I HAVE ſeen Daphne. Perhaps, alas! perhaps it would have been happy for me, if I had not ſeen her. Never before did ſhe appear ſo charming. I reclined, during the noon-day fervour, under the ſhade of the willows, where the brook purls ſlowly over its pebbled bed. The cluſtering boughs hung over my head, and ſpread their peaceful ſhade upon the water. I there enjoyed ſweet repoſe: But, ſince that hour, alas! there is no repoſe for me.

Not far from the bank where I ſat, I heard a ruſtling of the leaves; and preſently ſaw Daphne, the beauteous Daphne! She walked in the ſhade, by the ſide of the ſtream. There, with charming grace, ſhe took up her blue robe, and, diſcovering her lovely feet, entered the limpid ſtream. Then, her body gently inclining, with her right hand, ſhe laved her lovely face, while, with the other, ſhe



Drawn by G. Sandeu & Engraved by R. Scott. Edin.r

THE NOSE GAY.

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held her flowing robe. She then awaited, till not a drop fell from her hand to agitate the ſurface of the ſtream. The water, become tranquil, preſented the artleſs ſemblance of her charming features. Daphne ſmiled at her own beauty, and her flaxen treſſes, bound up in a lovely knot. For whom, I ſighing ſaid, for whom are all theſe cares? Whom would ſhe pleaſe? Who is the happy mortal that employs her thoughts; while the pleaſure to ſee herſelf ſo lovely, thus deepens the roſeate hue of her lips?

While ſhe muſed, inclining over the brook, ſhe dropped the noſegay that adorned her boſom; and the ſtream brought it to where I ſat. Daphne retired; and I ſeized the noſegay. How I kiſſed it! How I held it to my panting heart! No, I would not have parted with it for a whole flock. But, alas! it fades, this lovely noſegay; and yet, it is but two days ſince I firſt poſſeſſed it. With what care have I not preſerved it! I have ſtill kept it in the prize-cup, which, in ſpring, I won by my ſinging. On it is ſeen, curiouſly engraved, the

form of Love, ſeated in a bower of myrtles. With the tips of his fingers, he, ſmiling, tries the ſharpneſs of his arrows. At his feet appear two doves, their wings embracing, while they tenderly join their bills. Three times each day, in this cup, have I refreſhed my noſegay with the pureſt water; and, by night, expoſed it at my window to the falling dew. How often, leaning over theſe flowers, have I breathed their ſweet fragrance! Their odour ſeems to me more delicious, and their colours more brilliant, than thoſe of all the flowerets of the ſpring. It was on Daphne's boſom, their blooms were fully blown.

Then, in an ecſtaſy, I view the cup, and I ſighing ſay, "O love! how fatal are thy arrows! how forcibly I feel their ſting! Ah! make Daphne feel for me, but half of what I feel for her, and I will conſecrate to thee this cup. I will place it on this little altar. Every morning will I ſurround it with a garland of the freſheſt flowers; and, when winter ſhall deſpoil our gardens, I will adorn it with a branch of myrtle. O may you, charming doves!

may you be the happy omen of my future bliſs! But, alas! ſpite of all my cares, the noſegay fades. Withering, fading, the flowers hang their heads around the cup. No longer they exhale perfumes, but their drooping leaves fall off. O love! grant that the fate of theſe flowers may not prove a direful preſage to my tender paſſion!

DAPHNIS AND MYCON.

SEE that ram, Daphnis, how he plunges in the bog; and how the ſheep follow him. This mud produces nought but unwholeſome weeds; and theſe waters ſwarm with noxious inſects. Come, let us drive our flocks from hence.

MYCON. How ſtupid are theſe animals! Here are trefoil, thyme, and lavender: all theſe trees are entwined with ivy; and yet they quit this paſture, for the weeds of an infectious bog. But, Daphnis, are we always more wiſe than they? Do we never leave the good, to follow evil?

DAPHNIS. Whither will their ſtupidity drive them? Among theſe reeds the frogs leap about them. Stupid as you are, leave that bog, and come back to theſe verdant banks. They are beſmeared over, with the mud! and, but now, their wool was all ſo white!—

MYCON. So, here you are at laſt: leave no more theſe flowery downs. But tell me, Daphnis, what is this I ſee?—Marble columns thrown down amid the mire, and ſurrounded by rank weeds and ruſhes! Behold that mouldering arch; it is buried in the ivy; and from its crevices ſhoot forth the bramble and the thorn.

DAPHNIS. It has been a monument.

MYCON. I ſee it has, Daphnis. See, here is an urn ſunk in the mire; all its ſides appear to be ornamented with figures; terrible warriors, and fiery ſteeds, trampling, under their feet, men extended in the duſt. He, that wiſhed to have his aſhes covered with ſuch direful images, was certainly no ſhepherd. The man, whoſe proud tomb has been thus ſuffered to tumble into ruins, was ſurely no friend to theſe villages. Poſterity pays to his memory but ſmall regard; and but few flowers are ſtrewed around the ſpot where he reſts.

DAPHNIS. His tomb! He was a monſter. He laid waſte theſe fertile plains, and of free-born men made ſlaves. The horſes of his warriors tram-

pled under foot the hopes of the huſbandman; and with the dead bodies of our anceſtors he ſtrewed the deſolated fields. As ravenous wolves ruſh on the timid flocks, ſo his armed ſquadrons aſſailed the peaceful, who had done him no ill. Founding his grandeur on the enormity of his crimes; he diſplayed his pride in marble palaces, and gorged the blood of the provinces his barbarity had ravaged. It was himſelf that raiſed this pompous monument to his brutal fury.

MYCON. O God! What a monſter! But, I admire his frenzy. It was to his crimes he erected this monument, that our lateſt poſterity might not be ignorant of them, and that they might never forget, when they paſſed this way, to curſe his memory. And now, behold his tomb thrown down, his aſhes mixed with the mud, and the urn that contained them filled with ſlime and venomous reptiles. Who can ſee, without a ſmile mixed with horror and pity, the frog ſeated on the helmet of the hero, and the ſnail crawl unconcerned along his dreadful ſword!

DAPHNIS. What now remains of all his fatal grandeur? What but the foul remembrance of his heinous deeds! while his mournful ſhade is conſigned to the torments of avenging Furies!

MYCON. None, no not one, will deign to offer up for him a ſingle prayer. Immortal gods! how wretched is the man, whoſe days are ſtained by crimes! Even after he dies, his memory is held in execration. No, though I were offered all the riches of the earth, to commit a crime; I would rather have two goats, and enjoy my peace of mind! and, of them, I would yet ſacrifice one to the gods, as a grateful offering for my happineſs!

DAPHNIS. This place preſents nothing but hideous images. Come with me, Mycon; I will ſhow thee a more glorious monument, that of an honeſt man, of my father. It was raiſed by his own hands. In the mean time, Alexis, thou wilt guard our flocks.

MYCON. I will gladly go with thee to celebrate the memory of thy father. His worth is ſtill revered, even in the moſt diſtant villages.

DAPHNIS. Come on, my friend, let us take the path that goes acroſs the meadow. We ſhall paſs by the god Terminus, crowned with hop-leaves and the fruitful vine.—

They went thither. On the right hand of the path, lay a mead whoſe graſs roſe to the waiſt: on the left, a field of corn, of which the ears waved over their heads. The path led them to the peaceful ſhade of the moſt beautiful fruit-trees, which ſurrounded a ſpacious and pleaſant cottage. Daphnis placed a table under one of the broadeſt ſpreading trees; and, on it, ſet a baſket of freſh-gathered fruit, and a flaggon filled with new-made wine.

MYCON. Tell me, Daphnis, where is the monument conſecrated to thy father's memory? That I may pour the firſt cup of this wine to the ſhade of that virtuous man!

DAPHNIS. Behold it here, my friend. Pour it under this peaceful ſhade. All that you ſee, is the monument of his virtue. This country was a a waſte: it was his labour that fertilized theſe fields: his hands planted theſe fruitful trees. We, his

children, and our lateſt poſterity, ſhall bleſs his aſhes; and they who partake, with us, the fruits of his labours, will, with us, bleſs his memory. The proſperity of the upright man, remains upon our fields, under our roofs, and beneath this quiet ſhade, with us.

MYCON. Juſt and beneficent man! Let this cup of wine I here pour forth, be offered to thy memory! To leave a virtuous family in abundance, and to do good, even after our deceaſe; can there be a monument more reſpectable and more dear to humanity?

DAPHNE AND CHLORIS.

DAPHNE. THE air continues burning hot, though the ſun now declines towards the horizon. All the plants ſtill languiſh. Come, Chloris, let us go down to the edge of the ſtream. The little ſilver waves play againſt the bank; and theſe bowers offer us the moſt refreſhing ſhelter.

CHLORIS. Go on, Daphne, I will follow thee. Go a little before; the boughs beat in my face.

DAPHNE. How limpid are theſe waters! one may ſee the ſmalleſt pebble at the bottom! How gently the ſtream glides over its pebbled bed! Now, I ſwear by the Nymphs, I will here leave my garments, and plunge, even to my boſom, in the delicious flood.

CHLORIS. But, if any one ſhould come? If we ſhould be ſeen?

DAPHNE. There is no path that leads to this bank. This apple-tree, that ſeems to have left the

the rank, to bend its ſpreading branches over the flood; this tree will cover us with the thickeſt ſhade. We are here concealed in a verdant grot, that no mortal eye can penetrate. Theſe branches which the breezes gently wave, open but at intervals to admit the ſoft rays of day, then ſudden cloſe again.

CHLORIS. Well, Daphne, what thou dareſt, I alſo dare.—

The ſhepherdeſſes laid their garments at the foot of the tree; and, not without a gentle ſhuddering, entered the lambent flood. The waves ſurrounded firſt their bending knees, but ſoon laved their alabaſter boſoms. They then ſeated themſelves on the ſtones which the ſtream had left near its banks.—

DAPHNE. I feel a gaiety of heart! my ſpirits are all alert! What ſhall we do? Let us ſing ſome pretty ſongs.

CHLORIS. Can you think of it? Would you, that they hear us from the neighbouring hills?

DAPHNE. Well, then, let us talk ſoftly. What muſt we do? Tell me ſome tale.

CHLORIS. A tale!

DAPHNE. Yes, ſome diverting ſtory, ſome ſecret. You tell firſt; and I will tell one, after, in my turn.

CHLORIS. I know one, that is pleaſant enough; but——

DAPHNE. Chloris, be aſſured, theſe leaves are not more ſecret than am I.

CHLORIS. Well, then. The other day, I was coming down the hill; driving my ſheep to the paſture that borders on the ſea. There is, you know, a large cherry-tree that ſtands on the ſide of the hill. While I was——But, am I not a fool, thus to diſcloſe my greateſt ſecret?

DAPHNE. O, ſhall not I recount to thee, alſo, the moſt hidden ſecret of my heart?

CHLORIS. Well. While I went down the ſolitary path, I heard on a ſudden, a charming voice, that ſung the ſweeteſt tune. Surpriſed, and fearful, I ſtopped! I looked round me, but could not perceive any body! Upon my word, not any one! I continued my courſe, and came ſtill nearer and nearer to the voice. I advanced ſtill farther;

then it was behind me; for I had paſſed the cherry-tree, and from its cluſtering top, it was, that the melodious accents came. But what it ſung! Oh, that I can never dare to tell, though I have not forgotten one ſyllable.

DAPHNE. You muſt abſolutely tell me. Under theſe ſecret ſhades, there can be no myſtery; and young maidens, when they bathe, tell all.

CHLORIS. Well then, I conſent.—But, is it right thus to repeat the praiſes of ourſelves? It is true, we know, that ſhepherds, when they praiſe us, keep no bounds. As I deſcended the hill—I feel the colour glow in my cheeks—the voice thus ſung:

"Who is that beauty, whoſe ſhape is ſo elegant, and her gait ſo graceful? Tell me, ſoft zephyrs; you who wanton in her locks, and the folds of her floating robe; Who is ſhe? Is it one of the Graces? Ah! if it be; it is the youngeſt and moſt beautiful of them all.

"How the flowery ſprigs of trefoil and of thyme ſoftly bend to the impreſſion of her ſteps! How the blue-bells and the ſky-tinged cyanus, that

line the border of the path, incline their heads to kiſs her lovely feet! I will pluck thoſe flowers that kiſs thy feet, and bend beneath thy ſteps, and of them form two garlands. One ſhall crown my brows; the other will I offer to the god of love.

"With what a timid air her black and lovely eyes ſurvey the country round! O, fear nothing. I am no vulture; my ſongs contain no fatal omens. Oh, that I could utter ſounds ſo ſweet as might ſuſpend thy ſteps! Why are not my notes enchanting as the linnet's, and melodious as Philomela's, in the lovelieſt night of May? Has not her beauty, more charms for me, than the ſpring has for the nightingale, and for all the birds with which the groves reſound?

"What feareſt thou? Rather deign to check thy ſteps. Ye roſes wild, turn aſide your thorns, leſt they wound her tender feet. But, could you lightly catch her robe, how pleaſing would it be, ſome moments longer to detain the beauteous maid! But, alas, her ſteps ſhe haſtens. The tender zephyrs, who ſeem to feel my pains, in vain oppoſe

her flight. Her robe alone ſtill flows behind. Cruel maid! thyſelf they cannot ſtop.

" Of the moſt lovely fruit that this tree bears, I will a baſket fill; and when at night the moon reſplendent ſhines, I will ſuſpend it by thy window. If thou deigneſt to accept my preſent, of all the ſhepherds of theſe parts I ſhall be moſt bleſt. Thou flyeſt! Thoſe trees ſhall ſoon hide thee from my ſight! I ſtill behold the laſt fold of thy robe. But, alas! now, even now, the extremity of thy ſhadow diſappears."——

Thus ſang the ſhepherd. With downcaſt eyes I purſued the path, yet ſtole a look at the top of the tree; but its leaves were ſo thick, I could diſcover no one. You may gueſs, Daphne, if I ſlept that night. I ſoon perceived a young ſhepherd fix a baſket to the bars of my window; for the moon, which ſhone extremely bright, reflected his ſhadow on my couch. I bluſhed, and my boſom panted. But when the young ſhepherd was gone—Was it not right to be ſure I did not dream?—I went ſoftly to the window; and, all trembling, I took

the little baſket. It was filled with the faireſt cherries! Never have I taſted any ſo delicious! With the cherries, there were roſe-buds, and leaves of myrtle. Yes, dear Daphne—But who this ſhepherd was, that, thy curioſity ſhall not yet know.

DAPHNE. Doſt thou think, I would aſk thee? Was ever any one ſo cloſe? You will not tell me, then, that it was my brother; and that the baſket he hung at your window, was a preſent I made him, that very day? O, you are confounded—a bluſh, more lovely than that of blooming roſes, ſpreads over thee, from where the waves play againſt thy boſom to the locks of hair that crown thy forehead. You look on the water. Embrace me, deareſt Chloris! Love my brother: I already regard you as my ſiſter.

CHLORIS. Should I have told thee my greateſt ſecret, Daphne, if I did not love thee as myſelf?

DAPHNE. Well, repent not of thy confidence. I will now tell thee, alſo, the greateſt ſecret of my heart. The firſt of May, my father made a ſacrifice to the god Pan. He invited to the feaſt his friend

Menalcas, who brought with him Daphnis, his youngeſt ſon. During the ſacrifice, Daphnis played on two flutes; and you know, Chloris, that no ſhepherd plays with greater ſkill. His hair, of a pale golden hue, flowed in curls upon his robe, whiter than ſnow. Dreſſed for the feaſt, he appeared all lovely as the youthful god of Delos. When the ſacrifice was over, we went——But hark—I hear a noiſe in the grove—it comes nearer to us.

CHLORIS. Hark! Yes, it comes nearer ſtill. O nymphs, protect us. Quickly let us take our garments, and flee to yonder grotto.—

The affrighted ſhepherdeſſes fled like two doves which the hawk rapidly purſues through the mid air. It was, however, nothing but a fawn, timid as themſelves, who came to quench his thirſt in the refreſhing ſtream.

MENALCAS AND ALEXIS.

MENALCAS was old. Fourſcore years had already bowed his head. The ſilver hairs ſhadowed his forehead, and a ſnowy beard flowed upon his breaſt. A ſtaff ſuſtained his tottering ſteps. As he, who, after the labours of a fair ſummer's day, in the cool evening, ſits down content, and thanks the gods, waiting for peaceful ſlumbers; ſo, Menalcas conſecrated the remainder of his days to repoſe, and to the worſhip of the gods: for he had paſſed his life in labour and beneficence; and therefore, with tranquil reſignation, awaited the ſlumbers of the grave.

Menalcas ſaw bleſſings diffuſed upon his children. He had given them numerous flocks, and fertile paſtures. With tender anxiety, they, each one, ſtrove to cheer his latter days, and to repay the cares he had given to their tender years. It is a duty that the gods never leave unrewarded. Often, ſeated at the door of his cottage, in the ſun's

genial warmth, he ſurveyed his gardens, cultivated with the greateſt care, and, at a diſtance, the labours and riches of the fields. With an affable and courteous air, he invited the paſſenger to ſit down by him. Gladly he heard the news of the neighbouring villages; and he was pleaſed to learn, of ſtrangers, the manners and the cuſtoms of far diſtant countries.

His children, and his children's children, came, with innocent gaiety, about him; the moſt delightful amuſement of his age. The judge of their diverſions, he decided in their little diſagreements. He taught them to be juſt, mild, and compaſſionate, to men, and even to the leaſt of other animals. With the various ſports he taught them, ſtill he mingled ſome ſimple and affecting truths. He made, for them, the inſtruments of their diverſions. They came inceſſantly crying to him—O, grandfather! make us this, make us that! When they had got them, they threw their arms round his neck: they leaped for joy; while the old man ſmiled at their tranſports. He taught them to cut the reeds

into pipes and whiſtles. He inſtructed them to call the ſheep and goats out to the paſture, and back again to the fold. He compoſed ſongs for them, which were ſung by the youngeſt, accompanied by the eldeſt, on the pipe. At other times, he told them ſome affecting ſtory; then they all ſat round him on the ground, or on the threſhold of the door, with their mouths half open, and their eyes watching his lips.

One day, he ſat by the door of his cottage, enjoying the morning ſun; and no one was with him, but his grandſon Alexis. The lovely youth had not yet ſeen fourteen winters. The roſes of the ſpring of life and health, bloomed on his cheeks; golden locks flowed over his ſhoulders. The old man entertained him with diſcourſes on the happineſs of doing good to mankind, and of relieving the indigent. There is no pleaſure, he ſaid, can equal that we feel after performing a virtuous action. The bright radiance of the morn; the mellowed light of the ſetting ſun; the moon, that pierces through the ſable veil of night; all fill the heart with delicious

ſenſations. But, that which beneficence inſpires—O, my ſon! it is far, far more delicious!—Tears of joy and tenderneſs bedewed the cheeks of young Alexis. The old man ſaw them, with tranſport—You weep, my child, he ſaid, fixing his eyes tenderly on him; ſurely, my diſcourſe alone could not call forth theſe tears. There is ſomething in thy heart that makes them flow.—

Alexis wiped the drops from his roſy cheeks; but his eyes ſtill filled with freſh tears.—Oh! I know; yes, I feel, that nothing is ſo ſweet as doing good!

Menalcas was affected; he preſſed the youth's hand in his, and ſaid, I ſee by thy countenance, I read in thine eyes, that thy mind is affected, and that it is not merely by what I have ſaid.

The young ſhepherd, abaſhed, turned away his face. Was not your diſcourſe ſufficiently affecting, to bring tears down my cheeks?

I ſee, my child, replied Menalcas, I ſee, that you hide from me, perhaps for the firſt time, that

which makes your boſom pant, and even now hangs on your lips.

Well, then, ſaid Alexis, reſtraining his tears, I will tell you all; which, but for you, I ſhould have concealed for ever in my heart. Have I not learned from you, that he who boaſts of the good he does, is but good by halves? It was for this reaſon, I would have concealed from you, what made my heart throb; what convinced me ſo pleaſingly, that the ſatisfaction of doing good, is the moſt delicious pleaſure of our lives.—One of our ſheep had ſtrayed: I went to ſeek it on the hills; when I heard a voice. I crept to the part whence the voice came, and I perceived a man. He took from his ſhoulders a heavy burden, and, ſighing, laid it on the ground. "I cannot, no, he ſaid, I cannot go farther! How full of bitterneſs are my days! A ſcanty and wretched ſubſiſtence, is all I obtain by my labour. Many hours have I wandered, loaded with this burden, amid the noon-day heat; and I can find no ſpring to quench my thirſt; no tree, not even a buſh, whoſe fruit can refreſh

me. O gods! I ſee nothing all round me, but frightful deſarts; no path appears, to lead me to my hut; and my tottering knees cannot ſupport me longer. Yet, I will not murmur. Gods! you have always ſuccoured me!" Thus lamenting, he laid himſelf, exhauſted, on his burden.

Then, without being perceived, I ran, with all my ſtrength, to our cottage. I inſtantly put in a baſket, freſh and dry fruits, and filled my largeſt flagon with milk. I flew back to the mountain, and again found the unhappy man. He was then in a peaceful ſlumber. Softly, quite ſoftly, I approached him; ſet the baſket and flagon of milk by his ſide, and hid myſelf behind the buſhes. He ſoon awoke. What a ſweet refreſhment is ſleep! he ſaid: then looking on his burden—I will now try to carry thee farther; for, haſt thou not ſerved as a pillow to my head? Perhaps the gods will direct my ſteps, that I may ſoon hear the murmur of ſome fountain, or that I may find ſome cottage, whoſe hoſpitable maſter will receive me under his roof. At the moment he was taking up his load,

he perceived the flagon and the baſket. The burden fell from his hands. Gods! he cried, what do I ſee? Alas! my want diſturbs my ſenſes! I ſurely dream; and, when I ſhall awake, all will vaniſh. But, no! I am awake.—O gods! it is no dream!—He laid his hand upon the fruit—Yes, I am awake! What divinity, O, what propitious power, hath wrought this miracle? To thee I pour the firſt drops of this milk, and to thee I conſecrate theſe two apples, the faireſt of the baſket. Receive, O vouchſafe to receive, propitious, my grateful offering. Thou knoweſt the ſincerity of my heart. He then ſat down and ate, while tears of joy ran down his face. Having refreſhed himſelf, he roſe up, and offered his thanks, once more, to the power that had watched over him with ſo much goodneſs.—Or, have the gods, he ſaid, have they ſent hither ſome beneficent mortal? Why can I not ſee and embrace him? Where art thou? Let me thank and bleſs thee. May the gods bleſs him: bleſs the generous man, all that are his, and all that is dear to him! I am ſatisfied. I will take

with me theſe fruits; my wife and children ſhall eat of them, and bleſs, with me, our unknown benefactor. He went his way, and I wept for joy.

I then ran through the buſhes, that I might get before him. I ſat myſelf down on the ſide of the road, through which he muſt paſs. He came: he ſaluted me, and ſaid, "My ſon, haſt thou ſeen any one on theſe mountains, bearing a flagon, and a baſket of fruit? No, I have ſeen no one on theſe mountains, bearing a flagon and a baſket of fruit. But, I ſaid, how came you in this deſart? You muſt have ſurely loſt your way. There is no path that leads hither. Alas! my child, he ſaid, yes, I did unluckily loſe my way; and, if ſome beneficent deity—or, if it were a mortal, the gods bleſs him! If ſome beneficent power had not ſaved me, I ſhould have periſhed of hunger and thirſt on theſe mountains."—Let me ſhow you your way. Give me your burden, that I may carry it, and you will more eaſily follow me. After refuſing a long time, he gave me the burden; and I conducted him to the road that leads to his cottage. This, my father, is

what makes me ſtill weep with joy. What I did, coſt me little trouble; yet, every time I think on it, the remembrance delights me, like the ſweet morning air. How happy muſt he be, who has done a great deal of good!

The old man embraced the youth, with the ſweeteſt tranſport of pleaſure. Ah! now I ſhall deſcend, without regret, to the grave; ſince I leave behind me, in my cottage, piety and beneficence.

THE TEMPEST.

LACON and Battus kept a herd of heifers on the promontory near where Tifernus ruſhes from its reedy bed into the boſom of the deep. A black tempeſt was gathering in the diſtant ſky. A dreadful ſilence reigned among the trees. The affrighted ſwallow, and the halcyon, flew around with dubious wing. The flocks had fled the mountain, in ſearch of ſhelter. The two ſhepherds remained alone, to contemplate the approaching hurricane.

How terrible is this calm! ſaid Lacon. Behold, the ſetting ſun retires behind thoſe clouds, which riſe over the fartheſt verge of the ocean, like towering mountains.

BATTUS. This black and boundleſs ſea, reſembles the eternal night. It is yet tranquil. But to this fatal calm, will ſoon ſucceed a tremendous ſtorm. A hollow ſound already fills the air. Thus,

in ſome ſudden calamity, the howlings of agony and terror are heard far off.

LACON. Behold thoſe mountain-clouds, how they ſlowly riſe, one above another! From out the abyſs they riſe, every moment, blacker and more menacing.

BATTUS. The noiſe approaches, and grows louder. Darkneſs covers the deep. The iſlands of Diomedes are already hidden in the gloom; they no more appear. Only from the neighbouring light-houſe, glimmer ſome faint rays athwart the night of the ſtorm. Now howl the winds. They rend the clouds, and hurry through the air: they ruſh againſt the waves, already white with foam.

LACON. The tempeſt roars with all its fury. I delight to view it rage. There is I know not what pleaſure, mixed with anxiety, that agitates my breaſt. Let us remain here. Should we want a retreat, we have but to deſcend the mountain.

BATTUS. Lacon, I will ſtay with thee. The ſtorm is now over our heads. The waves daſh a-

gainſt the baſe of the mountain; and the winds whiſtle through the tops of the trees.

LACON. The bluſtering waves exalt their foam againſt the ſkies. Now, like ſtupendous rocks, they riſe; and now, they, dreadful, ruſh again into the abyſs. The lightning that plows the ſurface of the billows, alone, illumes this ſcene of horror.

BATTUS. O immortal gods! A veſſel!—Suſpended on that wave, like a bird upon the point of a rock. Heavens! it ſinks! Where is the veſſel? Where are the wretched mariners? Swallowed up in the gulph of the ſea!

LACON. If my eyes deceive me not, the veſſel appears again on that wave. Gods! ſave, O ſave theſe unfortunate men! Ah! ſee the wave that follows, ruſh with all its violence againſt them! Unhappy men! what could you ſeek, thus to quit your native ſoil, and truſt yourſelves to the moſt faithleſs of the elements? Did not your country produce fruits ſufficient to appeaſe your hunger? You ſeek for riches, and you meet a miſerable death.

BATTUS. In vain ſhall your parents, wives, and children, bedew your native ſhore with their tears. In vain ſhall they offer up vows for your ſafety, on the altars of Neptune. Your tombs ſhall remain empty. Your bodies ſhall be devoured by the birds of prey on the ſea-ſhore, or by the monſters of the deep. O gods! grant that I may forever peacefully inhabit my humble cottage; and that, content with little, my field and flock may ſupply all my wants!

LACON. Great gods! may I be puniſhed like theſe wretched men, if ever my heart murmur; if ever I deſire more than I now enjoy—ſubſiſtence and repoſe!

BATTUS. Let us go down. Perhaps the waves may caſt ſome of theſe wretches on the ſhore. If they be yet alive, we ſhall have the conſolation to ſave them. If they be dead, we ſhall at leaſt appeaſe their ſhades, by giving them a peaceful grave.—

They deſcended to the ſhore, and there found, extended on the ſand, a young man, beautiful as the ſon of Maia. Unable to recover him, they in-

terred the body on the ſhore, ſhedding their tears over it. Among part of the wreck that was ſcattered on the ſtrand, the ſhepherds found a caſket filled with gold. What ſhall we do with this money? ſaid Battus.

LACON. Let us keep it; not to enrich ourſelves; from that, the gods preſerve us! but to reſtore it to him that may claim it, or to give it to thoſe who want it, more than we.

The treaſure, uſeleſs and unknown to the avarice of men, remained a long time in the hands of the two ſhepherds. They at laſt employed it in building a temple near the grave of the young man. Six columns of white marble, entwined with ivy, adorned its front; and within was placed the ſtatue of the god Pan. Sweet moderation! to thee, and to the god Pan, was this temple conſecrated!

MIRTILUS AND CHLOE.

EARLY in the morning, Mirtilus, going out of the cottage, found Chloe, his youngeſt ſiſter, buſy in forming garlands of flowers. The dew glittered on the flowers; and, with the dew, were mingled the tears of the little Chloe.

MIRT. Dear Chloe, what will you do with theſe garlands? Alas! you weep.

CHLOE. And do not you alſo weep, dear Mirtilus? But, alas! who would not weep like us? Did you obſerve our mother, in what diſtreſs ſhe was? Before ſhe left us, how ſhe preſſed our hands in her's, and turned away her eyes, which were filled with tears?

MIRT. This I ſaw, as well as you. Alas! our father! he is ſurely worſe than he was yeſterday.

CHLOE. Ah! my brother, if he ſhould die! How he loves us! What careſſes he beſtows upon

us, when we do what he desires, and what is pleasing to the gods!

MIRT. O, my sister! how every thing is sorrowful! My lamb comes in vain to caress me; I almost forget to feed him. In vain, my ring-dove flutters on my shoulder, and strives to touch, with his bill, my lips and chin. Nothing—no, nothing can delight me now. O, my father! if you die, I shall die also.

CHLOE. Alas! do you remember, five days ago, how our dear father took us both on his knees, and began to weep?

MIRT. Yes, Chloe, I do remember how he set us down, and turned pale. I can hold you no longer, my children! I am ill—very ill. At these words, he crept to his bed; and, from that day, he has been sick.

CHLOE. And, from that day, his illness has continually increased. I will tell you what I design, my brother. At the break of day, I came out of the cottage, to gather fresh flowers; of which, I have made these garlands. I am going to lay them

at the feet of the ſtatue of Pan. Does not our mother always tell us, that the gods are good, and love to hear the vows of innocence? I will go; I will offer my garlands to the god Pan. And, doſt thou ſee, in this cage, what is of all things moſt dear to me—my little bird? Him alſo, I will ſacrifice to the god.

MIRT. O, my dear ſiſter! I will go with you—Stay, I pray you, an inſtant. I will go fetch my baſket—it is full of the fineſt fruit; and my ring-dove; and I will ſacrifice him alſo to the god Pan. He ran, and ſoon returned. They then went together to the foot of the ſtatue. It ſtood not far off, upon a little hill, in the midſt of ſhady pines. They kneeled down, and thus invoked the god of the fields.

CHLOE. "O Pan! protector of our village! Hear! benignant, hear our prayers, and receive our little offerings! They are all that children can offer to thee. I place theſe garlands at thy feet: if I could reach higher, I would, with them, crown thy head, and put them round thy ſhoulders. Save,

O Pan! ſave our father, and reſtore him to his poor children!"

MIRT. "I bring thee theſe fruits. They are the faireſt I could gather in our orchard. Deign to receive them kindly. I would have ſacrificed to thee, the fineſt goat in the flock; but he was too ſtrong for me. When I am bigger, I will ſacrifice two, every year, to thee, if thou wilt but reſtore our father to our prayers. Reſtore, gracious god! reſtore to health, the beſt of fathers!"

CHLOE. "I will now ſacrifice to thee, this bird: O, gracious god! it is, of all things, the moſt dear to me! See, how it flies upon my hand, to ſeek its food! But, I will, O Pan! I will ſacrifice it to thee."

MIRT. "And I will offer thee this ring-dove. It plays about, and careſſes me; but I will, O Pan! I will ſacrifice it to thee, that thou mayeſt reſtore our father to us. Hear, O Pan! hear our prayers!"

Their little trembling hands already ſeized the victims, when a voice pronounced theſe words: "The

gods are pleaſed to hear the vows of innocence. Lovely children! do not ſacrifice what makes your greateſt pleaſure! Your father is reſtored to health."

Menalcas immediately recovered his health. Happy in the piety of his children, he went, the ſame day, with all his family, to make an offering to the god. He lived, in proſperity, to ſee his children's children.

JEALOUSY.

THE moſt conſuming flame, the moſt deſtructive poiſon, with which the Furies torture the human heart, is jealouſy. This Alexis proved. He loved, and was beloved by Daphne. The brown features of Alexis, were adorned with manly beauty. Daphne was beautiful as innocence, and fair as the lily that opens to the riſing of Aurora. Theſe happy lovers had vowed an eternal paſſion. Venus and the Loves ſeemed to have ſhed their choiceſt favours over them. The father of Alexis had juſt recovered from a dangerous diſeaſe. My ſon, he ſaid, I have vowed to ſacrifice ſix ewes to the god of Health. Go, lead the victims to his temple. The temple of Eſculapius was diſtant two long days journey. Alexis poured a torrent of tears at parting from his ſhepherdeſs. One would have thought he was going to traverſe the wide ocean! Thoughtful and melancholy, he drove the ſheep before him; and, as

he left the village, like the tender dove, he moaned along the road. He paſſed through the moſt beautiful meadows, and ſaw them not. The moſt pleaſing landſcapes had no charms for his eyes. He felt nothing but love, and ſaw nothing but his ſhepherdeſs. He beheld her in the ſhade, by the brink of the ſtream; he heard her repeat the name of Alexis, and anſwered her with his ſighs. Thus he toiled along the lonely path; following his ſheep, and lamenting that they had not the ſwiftneſs of the roe. He arrived at the temple; he offered the victims; and, the ſacrifice completed, he flew, on the wings of love, to regain his village. But, in paſſing through the buſhes, a thorn pierced his foot. The torment was ſo great, that he was ſcarce able to reach a neighbouring cottage. A beneficent ſhepherd received him, and applied to the wound ſome ſalutary herbs. Gods! how unfortunate I am! he cried inceſſantly. Penſive and gloomy, he told each minute by his ſighs. An hour appeared to him as a long winter's night. Some malignant power at laſt poured into his heart the poiſon of

jealouſy. Gods! he cried in a low murmur, and caſting a fierce look around him, gods! what a thought! Can Daphne be perfidious?—Unjuſt and odious thought!—But, Daphne is a woman; and Daphne is beautiful. Who can ſee her, and reſiſt her charms? Has not Daphnis long ſighed for her? Is he not handſome? Who is not melted by the ſweet accents of his voice? and who, like him, can touch the lyre? His cottage is cloſe by that of Daphne. They are ſeparated only by a delightful, ſhady walk.—But away—Ha!—Begone, diſtracting thoughts—Alas! you impreſs yourſelves ſtill deeper in my heart! You purſue me, night and day. Oftentimes, the roving imagination of Alexis, ſhowed him his ſhepherdeſs, ſtealing, with timid ſteps, through the ſhade where Daphnis ſighed, to the Echoes, his anguiſh, and his love. There he ſaw her, with languiſhing looks, ſcarcely hide the ſighs which made her boſom pant. Sometimes he ſaw her ſleeping under a jeſſamine bower. Daphnis follows her thither; he gazes on her; he dares to approach her;—his eager looks devour her charms;

—he takes her hand;—he preſſes it to his lips. Daphne awakes not; he kiſſes her cheek; he kiſſes her lips; and yet ſhe awakes not! he cries, tranſported with fury.—But, what horrid images does my fancy create? Why am I ingenious only to torment myſelf? Unjuſt! ungrateful! why do I only think on what can wound her innocence?

Six days had this dreadful torture already laſted; and his wound was not yet quite healed. But nothing could detain him longer. He embraced his benefactor; he oppoſed all that gentle hoſpitality could invent, to reſtrain him. Purſued by the Furies, he haſtened; notwithſtanding his pain, he ran, he flew! Night had already come on: but, by the light of the moon, he perceived, at a diſtance, the cottage of Daphne. Ah, henceforth begone, deteſted thoughts! fly far from me! It is there, the nymph that loves me, dwells! This night, O gods! this very night, I ſhall weep with joy on her boſom! As he ſpoke theſe words, he haſtened his pace, and preſently ſaw Daphne coming through the grove that led to her cottage. It is ſhe! O

Daphne, it is thou! It is thy ſhape ſo elegant, thy ſtep ſo light, and thy robe more white than is the ſnow. It is ſhe, O gods! But whither goes ſhe at this hour! For a timorous ſhepherdeſs, it is dangerous in the night to walk the fields. Perhaps, impatient for my return, ſhe is come forth to meet me. Scarce had he ſpoke theſe words, when a young man came from the grove, and followed her. He walked by her ſide, and Daphne tenderly preſſed her hand in his. He gave her a little baſket of flowers; which, with charming grace, ſhe put upon her arm. They then went together from the cottage, under the light of the moon. Alexis, ſeized with horror, remained at a diſtance, and trembled in every limb. Immortal gods! What do I ſee? It is then too true! What ſo cruelly tormented me, is certain! Some compaſſionate divinity made me foreſee it. O unhappy!—Whoever thou art, whether god or goddeſs, O thou that didſt forewarn me of my miſery, revenge, ah! revenge my wrongs! Let me but ſee this infidelity puniſhed; and then let me die of anguiſh!

Daphne and the ſhepherd, holding each the other by the arm, took the path which leads to the grove of myrtles, that encircles the temple of Venus. The moon enlightened their ſteps; and their behaviour beſpoke a tender intercourſe.

They are going to the ſhade of theſe myrtles, cried the enraged Alexis; and it was under the ſhade of theſe very trees that ſhe ſo often ſwore to me an eternal paſſion. They are now in the grove! Heavens! I no longer ſee them; concealed by the thick ſhade of the leaves, they are going to ſeat themſelves on the graſs. But, no, I ſee them again.—Her white robe reflects the light of the moon, amid the branches of the trees, and their dark trunks. They ſtop! That is a ſweet retreat, and the moſs is ſo refreſhing—Perfidious!—enjoy thy repoſe—Swear in the preſence of Luna—exchange the vows of your guilty loves. May the Furies dart terror between you! But, no. Hark! The nightingales repeat the moſt tender airs; and the turtles ſigh around them. Yet—it is not there, neither, they intend to remain. They

are going even to the temple of the goddeſs! I will draw near. I will ſee them, and liſten to their talk.

He entered the grove of myrtles. He ſaw them advance toward the temple, whoſe columns, of the whiteſt marble, enlightened by the moon, ſhone, refulgent, amid the ſhades of night. Ha!—do they dare to tread theſe ſacred ſteps! Can the goddeſs of Love protect the fouleſt perfidy! He ſaw, in fact, the young ſhepherdeſs aſcend the ſteps of the temple. She croſſed the portico, with the little baſket of flowers on her arm; while the young man ſtopped under the firſt arcade. Alexis ſtill approached, in the concealment of the ſhade. Trembling with horror and deſpair, he crept to the ſhadow of one of the pillars, and placed himſelf againſt it. There he diſtinctly ſaw Daphne approach the ſtatue of Venus; it was of marble, white as milk; every part of it was illumined by the moon. The goddeſs reclining backward, with an enchanting majeſty, ſeemed to ſhun the aſtoniſhed view of mortals; while, from her height

ſublime, ſhe caſt a gracious look on thoſe who perfumed her altars. Daphne bowed her knee at the feet of the goddeſs, placed the garlands before her, and, in the moſt tender and plaintive accents, ſaid:

"Hear, O benign goddeſs, protectreſs thou of faithful lovers! Hear my prayer. Graciouſly accept theſe flowers which I preſume to offer thee: they are yet wet with the dew of evening, and with my tears. It is now ſix days ſince Alexis went to a diſtance from me. O, propitious goddeſs, reſtore him to my arms! protect him by the way, and bring him back faithful and tender as when he parted from me. Reſtore him to me, that I may preſs him to my boſom, which now pants with love!"

Alexis heard; and he diſcovered the young ſhepherd, who ſtood oppoſite to him, and on whoſe countenance the moon now ſhone. It was the brother of Daphne. Full of tender fears, ſhe dared not expoſe herſelf to the dangers of the night, by going alone to the temple of Venus.

Alexis, quitting the pillar that concealed him, ſuddenly appeared before his love. Daphne, in ſweet ecſtaſy, and Alexis, tranſported with joy and ſhame, ſank in each other's arms, at the feet of the goddeſs.

ERYTHEA.

MYRSON. COME, Lycidas, let us go into the brook; it will refreſh our feet. There, the willow, and the bending poplar, form an arch of the liveliеſt verdure.

LYCIDAS. Myrſon, moſt willingly. In this oppreſſive heat, where can we find ſo cool a retreat?

MYRSON. Let us go to the rock, from which the ſtream pours headlong down. We ſhall there find the coolneſs as delicious, as if we bathed in the river by the light of the moon.

LYCIDAS. Hark! I already hear the ſound of the falling water. It ſhould ſeem, as if all things breathing, came to ſeek refreſhment in theſe ſhades. What a buzzing! What a murmur! What a chattering of birds! What a various and delightful tumult animates theſe ſolitary groves!—And that little goldfinch—does he mean to ſhow us the way?

How he leaps, with wanton joy, from ſtone to ſtone! Doſt thou obſerve the brilliant ray that darts through a hole in the willow, whoſe trunk is encircled by the ivy? Ha! mark the young goat that ſleeps in yon hollowed trunk. What a ſnug retreat he has found!

MYRSON. You ſee all things; and you do not perceive that we have reached our deſtined ſpot.

LYCIDAS. O Pan! what a delightful ſpot!

MYRSON. The falling ſtream, that appears like a ſilver tapeſtry, floating gently at the impulſe of the wind, covers the entry of the cavern; and thoſe buſhes crown it with their cluſtering foliage. Come, let us go behind the caſcade, and enter the grotto.

LYCIDAS. This pleaſing coolneſs makes me ſhudder. How the ſtream falls foaming at our feet! Each drop of water, by reflecting the rays of the ſun, appears a ſpark of fire.

MYRSON. Let us ſeat ourſelves on this moſſy rock. Our feet will reſt upon the ſtones that ſtand out of the water; and, while we are in this cavern,

the caſcade will ſpread before us a tranſparent curtain.

LYCIDAS. No, never have I ſeen a more enchanting receſs.

MYRSON. Yes, this grotto is delicious; and it is ſacred to Pan. The ſhepherds retire from it, about the middle of the day. For they ſay, at noon, the god comes hither to repoſe. Doſt thou know the wonderful hiſtory of this ſtream? If you chooſe, I will ſing it.

LYCIDAS. We enjoy delicious repoſe, thus ſeated on the moſs, and reclining againſt the rock. I ſhall rejoice to hear your ſong.

MYRSON. How lovely wert thou, Erythea, daughter of Eridan, the faireſt of Diana's nymphs! Her beauty was in its opening bloom. When almoſt a child, her ſhape diſplayed the very form of elegance. On her charming viſage, ſmiled the riſing flower of innocence. An ingenuous baſhfulneſs ſoftened the ſplendour of her azure eyes; and her riſing boſom, rounded by the Graces,

like the faireſt roſe-buds, promiſed all its future charms.

During the ardours of a ſummer's day, with her ſiſter nymphs, ſhe chaced the foreſt-deer. Fatigued, and languiſhing with heat, ſhe ran to a fountain, to allay her thirſt. There, ſhe laved her beauteous countenance; and, from the hollow of her hand, with her ſweet roſy lips, ſhe ſipped the water. Thus reclining over the fountain, Erythea deemed no danger nigh. But, Pan, concealed behind a neighbouring buſh, had fixed his eyes upon her. Sudden, the god felt all the furious flames of love. Unperceived, he had already ſtolen upon her; when the ruſtling of the graſs under his feet, betrayed his near approach. Seized with fear, ſhe fled; ſhe eluded the brawny arms of Pan; arms, which trembled ſtrong with fierce deſire. On her boſom, ſhe already felt their burning heat, juſt preſſing to embrace her: a roſe-leaf would have filled the ſpace between. She leaped the ſtream, more light than is the hind. Fear gave velocity to her flight. He purſued. She flew acroſs the meadow,

like a rapid wind that ſcarce bends the tops of the riſing graſs. But, terror ſoon ſuſpends her flight. To the border of a ſteep rock arrived, back ſhe ſtarts; all pale, and trembling, ſhe ſees the dread abyſs below. O Diana! with accents of deſpair, ſhe cries, O Diana! thou, the chaſte virgin's ſure protectreſs, O ſave me! Suffer not a brutal arm to preſs this boſom, devoted to thy worſhip! Come, chaſte goddeſs! to my aid; O come! But, already had the god approached ſo near, that ſhe felt his burning breath; and his hands were ſtretched out to ſeize her. Diana, the foe of ſavage love, heard the plaintive accents of her nymph.

Pan, cloſing his arms to embrace the nymph, perceived the waters eſcape from his hands, and flow acroſs his boſom, panting with fierce deſire. Erythea, in his arms, became a fountain. Thus, in the heat of ſpring, from the black rocks, deſcends the melting ſnow.—She ſprang from the arms of the god; ſhe trickled down his knees, and murmured through the graſs; ſhe fell from the height of the

rock, and quickly rolled her waters to the hollow of the vale. Thus was the chaſte ſtream of Erythea formed.

THE WOODEN LEG,

AN HELVETIC TALE.

On the mountain, from which the torrent of Rauti falls headlong into the valley, a young ſhepherd fed his goats. His pipe called Echo gayly from the hollow rocks; and Echo bade the vallies, ſeven times, reſound his melodious ſong. On a ſudden, he perceived a man climbing, with pain, the mountain's ſide. The man was old; years had blanched his head. A ſtaff bent beneath his heavy, tottering ſteps; for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and ſeated himſelf by him, on the moſs of the rock. The young ſhepherd looked on him with ſurpriſe; and his eyes were fixed on the wooden leg. My ſon, ſaid the old man, ſmiling, do you not think, that, infirm as I am, I ſhould have done better, to have remained in the valley? Know, however, that I make

this journey but once a-year; and this leg, as you ſee it, my friend, is more honourable to me, than are, to many, the ſtraighteſt and moſt active. I doubt not, father, replied the ſhepherd, but it is very honourable to you; though, I dare ſay, another would be more uſeful. Without doubt, you are tired. Will you drink ſome milk from my goats, or ſome of the freſh water that ſpouts below, from the hollow of that rock?

Old Man. I like the frankneſs which glows on thy features. A little freſh water will be ſufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you ſhall hear the hiſtory of this wooden leg. The young ſhepherd ran to the fountain, and ſoon returned.

When the old man had quenched his thirſt, he ſaid—Let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered over with ſcars, adore the Almighty Power, and bleſs their valour; for, without that, you would have bowed your neck beneath the yoke, inſtead of thus baſking in the ſun's warmth, and making the Echoes repeat your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabit theſe hills and val-

lies; while your ſongs reſound from one mountain to another. Liberty! ſweet Liberty! it is thou that poureſt felicity upon this bleſſed land! All we ſee around us, is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleaſure. The crops we reap, are ours; and, the time of harveſt, is, with us, a ſeaſon of joy.

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He does not deſerve to be a free man, who can forget that his liberty was purchaſed with the blood of his forefathers.

OLD MAN. But, who, in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever ſince that bloody day of Nefels *, I come once, each year, to the top of this mountain; but, I perceive that I have now come for the laſt time. From this ſpot, I ſtill behold the order of the battle, in which liberty made us conquerors. See, it was on that ſide, the army of the enemy advanced. Thouſands of lances glittered at a diſtance, with more than two hundred horſemen, covered with ſumptuous armour. The plumes that ſhaded their helmets, nodded as they

* The battle of Nefels, in the canton of Glaris, in 1388.

marched; and the earth reſounded with their horſes hooves. Our little troop was already broken. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every ſide; and the ſmoke of Nefels, in flames, filled the valley, and ſpread, with horror, along the mountains. However, at the bottom of the hill, where we now are, our chief had placed himſelf. He was there, where thoſe two pines ſhoot up from the edge of that pointed rock. I think I ſee him now, ſurrounded by a ſmall number of warriors, firm, immoveable, and calling round him the diſperſed troops. I hear the ruſtling of the banner, which he waved in the air: it was like the ſound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every ſide, they ran towards him. Doſt thou ſee thoſe floods ruſh down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees, overthrown, in vain oppoſe their courſe; they overleap, or bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom, in that pool. So, we ran, at the call of our general; cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around the hero, we

made a vow, and God was our witneſs, to conquer, or to die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuouſly upon us: we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge; but, ſtill forced to retire to the ſhelter of theſe hills, we there cloſed our ranks, and became unſhaken, as the rock by which we were protected. At laſt, reinforced by thirty Swiſs warriors, we fell ſuddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or, as ſome mighty rock deſcends, rolls through the foreſt, and, with a tremendous craſhing, breaks down the trees which interrupt its courſe. On every ſide, the enemy, both horſe and foot, confounded in dreadful tumult, overthrew each other, to eſcape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under foot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance and death ſtill farther. I was in the middle of the battle. A horſeman of the enemy, in his flight, rode over me, and cruſhed my leg. The ſoldier, who fought neareſt me, ſeeing my condition, took me on his ſhoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father

was proſtrate on a rock not far diſtant, imploring Heaven to aid us.—Take care, good father, of this warrior, my deliverer cried; he has fought like a ſon of liberty! He ſaid, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my ſon, it was ours! But, many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus, the weary mower repoſes on the ſheaves himſelf has made. I was carefully attended; I was cured; but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life. I have ſought him in vain. I have made vows and pilgrimages, that ſome ſaint of Paradiſe, or ſome angel, would reveal him to me. But, alas! all my efforts have been fruitleſs. I ſhall never, in this life, ſhow him my gratitude. The young ſhepherd, having heard the old warrior, with tears in his eyes, ſaid—No, father; in this life, you can never ſhow him your gratitude. The old man, ſurpriſed, cried, Heavens! what doſt thou ſay? Doſt thou then know, my ſon, who my deliverer was?

Young Shepherd. I am much deceived, if he was not my father. Often he has told me the

ſtory of that battle; and often I have heard him ſay, I wonder if the man I carried from the field of battle, be ſtill alive?

OLD MAN. O God! O angels of Heaven! Was that generous man, thy father?

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He had a ſcar here—(pointing to his left cheek)—he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

OLD MAN. His cheek was covered with blood, when he bore me off. O my child! My ſon!

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He died two years ago; and, as he was poor, I am forced, for ſubſiſtence, to keep theſe goats. The old man embraced him, and ſaid—Heaven be praiſed, I can recompenſe thee for his generoſity. Come, my ſon, come with me, and let ſome other keep thy goats.

They deſcended the hill together, and walked toward the old man's dwelling. He was rich in land and flocks; and, a lovely daughter was his only heir. My child, he ſaid to her, he that ſaved

my life, was the father of this young ſhepherd. If thou canſt love him, I ſhall be happy to ſee you united. The young man was of an amiable perſon: health and pleaſure ſhone in his countenance: golden locks ſhaded his forehead: and the ſparkling fire of his eyes, was ſoftened by a ſweet modeſty. The young maiden, with an ingenuous reſerve, aſked three days to reſolve; but the third appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young ſhepherd; and the old man, with tears of joy, ſaid to them: My bleſſing reſt upon you, my children! This day has made me the happieſt of mortals.

A

LETTER

FROM

M. GESSNER TO M. FUESLIN,

AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF THE SWISS PAINTERS,

ON

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

LETTER

ON

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

You think, then, Sir, that I may be entertaining, perhaps even uſeful, by pointing out the route I have taken, to attain ſome proficiency in the arts of deſign, in an age but little favourable to great ſucceſs. It certainly is to be wiſhed, that ſuch a ſketch of their ſtudies had been executed by ſome celebrated artiſts. What advantage ſhould we not reap from an hiſtory of painters, if, with the events of their lives, it contained an account of the progreſs of their talents? We ſhould then ſee the different routes which lead to the ſame end; the obſtacles there are to be encountered, and the means of ſurmounting them; the developement of ſcience, in its relation to the diſplay of genius, and to the

obſervations that ariſe from practice. Now, if ſuch details had been written by the artiſts themſelves; they would undoubtedly have preſented the moſt important and uſeful truths, in a form the moſt intereſting and agreeable.

Perhaps, indeed, we ſhould not find, in theſe ſimple recitals, thoſe profound reſearches which *they* labour to make, who deſcant on arts they never practiſe. But they, who practiſe the arts of deſign, would here find the reſources and information which experience alone can give.

Thus, the work of Laireſſe, ſo uſeful to young practitioners, has juſtly acquired him, the title of *benefactor* to thoſe arts which his labours have adorned. Thus, alſo, the work of Mengs, may aſſiſt his rivals to equal him, by affording more matter for reflection, in a few lines on the principles of painting, than is to be found in large works. If he ſometimes give us occaſion to wiſh, that he had been more perſpicuous as a philoſopher; what amends does he not make us as an artiſt, when he explains his method of proceeding, and his principles,

and makes us admire the energy, the pure taſte, and refined art, which we ought to expect from him whom his contemporaries call the Raphael of his age?

May I be permitted to deſcend to myſelf, after having ſoared thus high? Shall I dare to fulfil my promiſe? I, who have advanced only a few paces in the career, and perhaps ſhall find myſelf arreſted in it by my circumſtances and occupations?—But I am under an engagement. It is to friendſhip; and friendſhip ſhall plead my excuſe.

You know, that fortune did not ſeem to have intended me for the practice of painting. A natural inclination, however, ſhown in early youth, by frequent eſſays, ſeemed to indicate, that nature, in this matter, did not agree with thoſe circumſtances of ſituation which depend not on her. I drew, therefore, in my infancy, all objects that occurred, without being then able to gueſs what this diſpoſition meant, and without an attention being paid to it, ſufficient to render it uſeful. I made no progreſs; my taſte declined; and my choiceſt days

paſſed away. But the beauties of nature, and the excellent imitations of that grand model, made inceſſantly the moſt vivid impreſſions on my mind. I had abandoned the pencil. A ſecret impulſe made me take up the pen; and, by the aid of that, which appeared to me to have leſs difficulty in the practice, I imitated artleſs ſcenes and picturesque beauties; in a word, the charms of nature which ſtruck me the moſt.

A ſelect collection, however, that belonged to my father-in-law *, awakened in me the paſſion for drawing: and, toward my thirtieth year, I attempted to deſerve, in this ſort of imitation, the indulgence, and, if it might be, the approbation of artiſts and connoiſſeurs.

My natural inclination led me to landſcapes. I ſought, with ardour, the means of ſatisfying my deſire. When at a loſs what route to take; I ſaid to myſelf, there is but one model; there is but one maſter; and I determined to draw after nature. But I ſoon found, that this great and ſublime

* M. Heidegguer, counſellor of ſtate at Zuric.

maſter does not explain himſelf clearly, but to thoſe who have learnt to comprehend him. My preciſion in following him every where, led me aſtray. I loſt myſelf in thoſe minute details which deſtroy the effect of the whole. I had not caught that manner, which, without being ſervile or ſlight, expreſſes the true character of objects. My trees were dryly deſigned, and not detached in maſſes. The whole was diſturbed by a labour without taſte. In a word, my eye, confined too cloſely to one point, was not accuſtomed to embrace a large extent. I was ignorant of that addreſs which augments or diminiſhes in the parts which art cannot equal. My firſt progreſs, therefore, was, to diſcern what I was not able to perform; the ſecond was, to have recourſe to the the great maſters, and to the principles they have eſtabliſhed by their precepts and their works: and is not this the natural progreſs in all arts? The firſt who practiſed the arts of deſign, fell into that dryneſs with which they are reproached, by a two great accuracy in imitating nature, whoſe beauties they conſidered too much

in detail. In fact, these beauties of detail are executed by our first painters, in a manner sufficiently finished, as well in the subordinate objects, as in the most striking parts. They who followed them, remarked their defects, and discovered, that a characteristic imitation was more interesting than an imitation of parts. The ideas of masses, of effects and disposition, offered themselves. These ideas produced principles; and the great painters have aimed at a general effect, as the poets have at a principal object.

I employed myself, therefore, in studying the great masters, in distinguishing them from one another, and, above all, in attaching myself to the best works only; for I perceived, that in models, the most prejudicial quality is mediocrity. The bad, strike and disgust; but those who are neither good, nor absolutely bad, deceive us, by presenting a flattering and dangerous facility. It is for this reason, that engraving, which may contribute to the progress of the arts, when it is employed on subjects judiciously chosen, and in copying them justly, may

become prejudicial, by the indifferent works it multiplies without number. How many productions of that art, have required the labour of a year, and do not deſerve a moment's attention! But let Raphael be copied by ſkilful engravers; let a young artiſt profit by his labours; and works without dignity and expreſſion, will ſoon become intolerable to him; for he will perceive, to what an elevation the excellence of the art can raiſe him. The way to know and to avoid mediocrity, is, by the ſtudy and imitation of beautiful productions; or, in want of them, of the moſt finiſhed tranſlations which have been made from them,—for ſo we may call beautiful prints. Let a young draughtſman ſtudy the heads of Raphael; and he will not be able to view, without diſguſt, the ſordid figures of indifferent painters. But, if you firſt feed him with theſe inſipid ſubſtances; he will ſoon loſe the taſte neceſſary to reliſh the excellence of Antinous and Apollo. In the one caſe, he will advance firmly in his career; in the other, he will continually totter, and even not be ſenſible of his own weakneſs.

It was from these reflections, that, following the steps of the masters, I dared to form a method of my own. My first precept was, to pass from one principal part to another, without staying to attempt, at once, the numberless details that I perceived in each of them. By this method, I accustomed myself to design, or rather dispose the trees in masses; chusing Waterloo for my model. And the more I studied this artist; the more I found, in his landscapes, the true character of nature: and the more that discovery struck me; the more pleasure I found in imitating him. So that it was to him I owed at last the felicity of expressing my own ideas; but it was by borrowing his style. Then, to avoid what they call a manner, I ventured to insert more variety in my studies, and to associate, with my first master, those artists whose tastes differ from his; but who, at the same time, have, like him, nature and truth for their object.

Swanefeld and Berchem by turns presided over my labours. Like the bee, I sipped honey from many flowers. I consulted; I imitated; and, re-

turning to nature, wherever I found a tree, trunk, or foliage which attracted my regard, which fixed my attention; I made a ſketch of it, more or leſs finiſhed. By this method, I joined to facility, the idea of character; and I formed a manner that became more peculiar to myſelf. It is true, an original inclination frequently brought me back to my firſt guide. I returned to Waterloo, when the diſpoſition of the trees was to be regulated; but Berchem and Salvator Roſa obtained the preference in diſpoſing the grounds, and characteriſing the rocks. Meyer, Ermels, and Hakert aſſiſted me in diſtinguiſhing the truth of nature; and Lorrain inſtructed me in a happy choice of viſtas, and a fine harmony of the grounds. I learned, by ſtudying him, to imitate the verdure of the fields, the ſoft diſtances, and admirable gradations, by the ſecret artifice of their ſhades. To conclude, I had recourſe to Wouwermans, for thoſe light and ſweet tranſient ſcenes, which, illuminated with a moderate light, and covered with a tender verdure, have no fault but that of appearing ſometimes too tufted.

Thus, paſſing from various imitations to continual reflections, and then returning to nature; I found at laſt that my efforts became leſs laborious. The principal maſſes and forms expoſed themſelves to my ſight. Effects, which I had not perceived, ſtruck me. I was at laſt able to expreſs, by a ſingle ſtroke, what art could not detail without prejudice. My manner became expreſſive. How often, before this firſt progreſs, have I ſought, without finding them, objects apt for imitation! and how often did they, now, preſent themſelves to my ſight! Not, however, that every view, or every tree, contains all that pictureſque beauty I ſought after. But my experienced eye no longer beheld objects, without diſtinguiſhing forms which pleaſed me, or characters which fixed my attention. I ſaw no ſhade that had not ſome branch well diſpoſed, ſome maſs of foliage agreeably grouped, ſome part of a trunk of ſtriking ſingularity. A detached ſtone gave me the idea of a rock. I expoſed it to the ſun, in the point of view that beſt agreed with my deſign; gave it, in my mind, a proportionate larger extent; and

then diſcovered the moſt brilliant effects in the clare-obſcure, the demi-tints, and the reflections. But when, in this manner, we ſeek out our ſubjects in nature, we ſhould take care not to let them lead us away by their ſingularity. Let us ſeek for the beautiful and noble in the forms; and manage, with taſte, thoſe which are merely fantaſtic. It is the idea of a noble ſimplicity in nature, that muſt moderate a flight, which would carry the artiſt to a taſte for the marvellous, to exaggeration, perhaps even to chimeras; and would lead him away from that probability, in which the truth of imitation conſiſts.

With regard to the manner in which I executed my ſtudies; they were neither finiſhed drawings, nor mere ſketches. The more intereſting, any part of my ſubject appeared; the more I finiſhed it at the firſt attempt.

There are painters who content themſelves with making, in haſte, a mere ſketch of a finiſhed picture which nature preſents them; and then lay it aſide, to be finiſhed at leiſure. What is the conſe-

quence? Their accuſtomed manner takes place of the idea too lightly impreſſed on the mind; the characteriſtic of the object diſappears, and is loſt. What can ſupply this? Neither the magic of colouring, nor the effects of the clare-obſcure. They may amuſe for a moment: but the critical eye will ſearch for the true and natural; and, finding it not, will turn away from the work, with diſdain.

But, when I wiſhed to uſe my ſtudies made after nature, in the invention of a whole; I found myſelf embarraſſed and intimidated. I fell into factitious details, which would not agree with the ſimplicity and truth of thoſe parts I had taken from nature. I could not find in my landſcapes, the great, the noble, the harmonious, and the ſtriking effect of the whole. I was, therefore, obliged to have recourſe to thoſe maſters who appeared to me to excel in compoſition.

Everdinghen, whom I have not yet mentioned, frequently preſented me with that rural ſimplicity, which pleaſes even in thoſe countries where reigns the greateſt variety. In his works, I found im-

petuous torrents; rocks, broken and covered with thick brambles; and ruſtic ſpots, where poverty finds a happy retreat in the ſimple cottage. Though his bold and ſpirited touches were capable of inſpiring me; I did not think that he was the only one whoſe example I ſhould follow. It even appeared to me, not unprofitable to have learted, before imitating him, to paint rocks in a better ſtyle. Dietrich taught me. The pieces he has compoſed, of this kind, are ſuch, that one would ſay—they are Everdinghen's, but he has ſurpaſſed himſelf.

Swanefeld, in his turn, offered me dignity of ideas. I admired the prodigious effect of his execution, and that of his reflected lights, which dart in ſo ſtriking a manner on the large maſſes of ſhades. Salvator Roſa often attracted me, by the warmth and fury of his genius. Rubens, by the boldneſs of his compoſitions, by the brilliancy of his colours, and by the choice of his ſubjects. But the two Pouſſins, and Claud Lorrain, at laſt poſſeſſed me entirely. It was in their works, I found dignity and truth united. Not a ſimple and ſervile imitation of

nature, but a choice of the moſt ſublime and intereſting beauty. A poetic genius united, in the two Pouſſins, all that is great, all that is noble. They tranſport us to thoſe times, for which hiſtory, and eſpecially poetry, fill us with veneration; into thoſe countries, where nature is not ſavage, but ſurpriſing in her variety; where, under the happieſt ſky, every plant acquires its utmoſt perfection. The buildings which adorn the pictures of thoſe celebrated artiſts, are in the true taſte of ancient architecture. The figures have a noble air, and a firm attitude. It is thus the Greeks and Romans appear to us, when our imagination, warmed to enthuſiaſm by the ſtory of their great actions, tranſports itſelf to the ages of their proſperity and glory. Repoſe and amenity reign throughout all the countries which the pencil of Lorrain has created. The mere view of his pictures, excites that ſweet emotion, thoſe delicious ſenſations, which a well choſen proſpect has the power to produce in the mind. His fields are rich, without confuſion; and variegated, without diſorder. Every object preſents the idea of peace and proſpe-

rity. We continually behold a happy ſoil, that pours its bounteous gifts on the inhabitants; a ſky, ſerene and bright, under which all things ſpring forth, and all things flouriſh.

Not content to fill my mind with the principles and beauties which the works of theſe great maſters of the art, preſented; I endeavoured to draw, from my memory, the principal parts that had ſtruck me in theſe beautiful models. I ſometimes copied one of their works; and I preſerve theſe eſſays, as they bring to my mind the route I took, and the guides who conducted me to it. In this way, I have acquired the uſeful habit of tracing, in order to remember them the better, the compoſitions and plans of thoſe works which have particularly engaged my attention. Perhaps this labour may be thought ſuperfluous, as the engravings made after thoſe beautiful pictures, contain their exact repreſentations. But, the pains I have taken in copying them myſelf, have imprinted a more durable idea on my mind. How many collections of prints and

drawings, reſemble thoſe large libraries, whoſe poſſeſſors reap not the leaſt advantage from them!

I found, however, that, when I applied myſelf too long in meditating on the maſters I had choſen; a too great timidity oppreſſed my native powers. When I would invent; overcharged, ſo to ſay, with the great ideas of the celebrated artiſts: I felt my weakneſs; and, humbled by my want of ſtrength, I perceived how difficult it was to equal them. I obſerved how much, a too continued imitation weakens the flight of fancy. Of this, the celebrated Frey is an inſtance; and the greateſt part of engravers confirm this obſervation. In reality, their own compoſitions are in general the moſt indifferent part of their works. Inceſſantly employed in expreſſing the ideas of others, and obliged to copy them with the moſt ſcrupulous exactitude; that boldneſs, that warmth of imagination, without which there can be no invention, is either enfeebled, or totally loſt. Startled by theſe reflections; I abandoned my originals, I left my guides, and delivered myſelf up to my own ideas.

I prescribed myself subjects, and laid down problems for my solution; and I thus endeavoured to find out what might best agree with my feeble talents. I remarked what I found most difficult; and discovered to what studies I must for the future apply my greatest attention. Then the difficulties began to disappear. My courage increased. I perceived that my imagination was expanded by perseverance. Wretched are the artists and poets, who are the servile copiers of their models. They resemble the shadow, that follows the body in its most trifling movements. I took care, however, not to forsake the practice of copying, from nature, a sketch or memorandum of any thing singular, striking, or agreeable. Constantly furnished with the necessary apparatus, and always attentive to every object that occurred; I was not ashamed to retire a moment, in order to fill my tablets. A picture, a print, a view, an effect, a group, an aspect, all paid me tribute; and my sketches, or drawings, were a sort of cypher, that recalled to my mind those ideas whose rapid and slight impressions would

have been otherwiſe infallibly loſt. A thought conceived in the firſt warmth, an effect with which we are ſtruck at the firſt view, is never ſo well expreſſed, as by the ſtrokes which are drawn at that inſtant. In theſe firſt emotions, ſo important to be ſeized, a happy thought will not produce mediocrity merely. What poet has not ſometimes conceived a good verſe, of which an indifferent one has given him the idea! The latter, was a rough diamond, which he poliſhed. The works of Merian, to which ſufficient juſtice is not done, contain the moſt happy choice of truths, taken from nature. What then can diſguiſe their merit? The inſipid tone of the execution. Give to his trees and his grounds, the lightneſs of Waterloo; inſert among his rocks, and the whole of his compoſitions, more variety; and you will ſee brilliant effects ariſe, whoſe ſplendour and harmony will do honour to genius; and of which, the diſpoſition and ground-work are all to be found in Merian.

But, it is not enough, to have always before our eyes, both nature, and the finiſhed works of the

great maſters. We ſhould alſo read the hiſtory of the art, and of the artiſts. This reading will extend the circle of our knowledge, and render us attentive to the different revolutions which have taken place in the empire of the arts. It will lead thoſe who exerciſe the arts, to apply themſelves more vigorouſly to what ſhould be their principal object. How can we refrain from being intereſted in the fate of a man, whoſe talents we admire? How can we avoid ſearching after, and beholding with attention, the works of a man, whoſe character and fate have affected us? Can we perceive the veneration with which they talk of the great artiſts, and their immortal works, without conceiving the higheſt idea of the importance of the art? Can we be informed of the indefatigable ardour with which they laboured to attain perfection, without thinking little of the pains which ourſelves have taken? Even their defects inſtruct us; and their misfortunes endear them to us.

But, ſince I have digreſſed from the practice of the art, to theoretic ideas; and have indicated the

means of improving the imagination, and elevating the genius; I muſt here recommend to young artiſts, the reading of the beſt poets. What can be of more uſe, in refining their taſte, exalting their ideas, and enriching their imagination? The poet and the painter, friends and rivals, draw from the ſame ſource; they both borrow from nature, and communicate their ſtores, by rules which are analogous. Variety without confuſion! That is the grand principle of all their compoſitions. In ſhort, the ſame delicacy of ſenſation and taſte, ſhould guide them in the choice of circumſtances and images, the detail, and the whole. How many artiſts would be more happy in their choice; how many poets would put more truth in their pictures, and be more pictureſque in their expreſſions; if the one and the other knew how to unite a profound knowledge of the two arts!

The ancients, and eſpecially the Greeks, whoſe language is ſo poetical, and whoſe pictures are ſo juſt, knew nothing of the fine facility of our modern poets; who, heaping together a number of i-

mages and figures, taken at random, preſume to attribute to themſelves the expreſſion of Correggio; and cry out, "We alſo are painters!" Let them read what Mr Webb has written on the beautiful in painting. Nothing better proves what I advance, than the manner in which he explains his principles. He elucidates almoſt all of them, by ſome paſſage drawn from the great poets of antiquity; and, by this method, ſhows us, that thoſe men of ſuperior genius, had a true knowledge of the beautiful and ſublime in the arts:—very different, doubtleſs, from the idea that is formed of it by thoſe of our modern poets; who imitate Durer, in painting the Graces; or Rubens, in expreſſing that ideal beauty which ſhould characteriſe a goddeſs, or the higheſt degree of mortal beauty.

But, to return to the arts, which are my preſent ſubject.—How I pity the unfeeling landſcape painter, whom the ſublime pictures of Thomſon cannot inſpire! In reading the deſcriptions of that great maſter, we ſeem to ſee the paintings of our moſt famous artiſts. We might tranſpoſe on the

canvas, and realiſe—what he deſcribes in his variegated ſcenes. Sometimes, it is the ſimplicity of Berchem, of Potter, or Roos; ſometimes, the grace and amenity of Lorrain; frequently, the great and noble character of Pouſſin; and then, by that contraſt, ſo important in the effect, the gloomy and ſavage tone of Salvator Roſa. Give me leave, on this occaſion, to revive the remembrance of one of our poets, almoſt forgotten; Brockes, who followed nature even in her leaſt details, was endowed with lively and delicate ſenſations, felt the moſt gentle impreſſions, and was moved by the moſt trivial circumſtances. A plant, covered with dew, and illumined by a bright ray of the ſun, rouſed his enthuſiaſm. A bird, complaining for the loſs of her young ones, filled him with emotion. His pieces, it is true, are liable to objection, as being too ſtudied; but, they are, nevertheleſs, a rich magazine of pictures and images, borrowed from nature; and where we behold her, as in a faithful mirror, which ſuppreſſes nothing that is offered to it.

Muſt we then, ſome artiſts will ſay, with a ſcornful ſmile, muſt we then join to ſo much neceſſary ſtudy, that which belongs to ſcholars? Muſt we read, that we may paint? If you aſk that queſtion; what need is there to reply—O! you can paint, without any ſuch aid, the remains of a table, and a parcel of drunken peaſants? There, labour to produce the effects of the clare-obſcure, and the magic of colouring; and you will have, at leaſt, without fatiguing your genius, the merit of a brilliant execution. But, do not aſpire to charm the mind, and touch the heart. Never expect more than the tribute of the eye, for what is merely the work of the hand.

Theſe, my dear friend, are the obſervations which my ſtudies have produced. This is the plan I have formed. The ſucceſs does not depend on my wiſhes alone. It is not to myſelf, but to the public, that the right of judging me, belongs. But, this, I think, I can maintain, that the moſt ready and ſure method is, to work alternately after the maſterpieces of the greateſt artiſts, and after

nature: and thus, learn to compare the moſt beautiful expreſſions of art, with nature itſelf; and the beauties of nature, with the reſources of art.

If the ſituations I have been in, have rendered it impoſſible for me to proceed any farther, I feel, at leaſt, with a religious awe, how many reflections and ſtudies are neceſſary to attain the ſublime heights of a divine art. What then muſt be the fate of thoſe, who do not join an inflexible ſpirit of labour to habitual meditation? Let the artiſt, who deſpiſes or neglects theſe important means, make no pretenſion to the recompence due to active and feeling minds. There is no reputation for him, to whom a taſte for his art does not become his ruling paſſion; to whom, the hours he employs in its cultivation, are not the moſt delicious of his life; to whom, the ſtudy of it does not conſtitute his real exiſtence, and his primary happineſs; to whom, the ſociety of artiſts is not, of all others, the moſt pleaſing; to him, whoſe watchings, or dreams, in in the night, are not occupied with the ideas of his art; who, in the morning, does not fly, with freſh

tranſport, to his painting-room. But, above all others, unhappy is he, who deſcends to flatter the corrupt taſte of the age in which he lives; who delights himſelf with applauding trifles; who does not labour for true glory, and the admiration of poſterity. Never will he be admired by it; his name will never be repeated; his works will never fire the imagination, nor touch the hearts of thoſe fortunate mortals who cheriſh the arts, who honour their great maſters, and eagerly inquire after their works.

This letter has already exceeded the bounds I preſcribed. Permit me, however, Sir, to add the wiſhes I long ſince formed, for the ſucceſs of an undertaking, that would doubtleſs contribute to the advancement of the arts of deſign.

The young artiſts ſeem, to me, to deſire methods of inſtruction that are clear and conciſe. I could wiſh, that books of the elements were compoſed, for the uſe of ſcholars and maſters. We have ſome excellent works; but they are neither ſufficiently ſimple, nor practical, for beginners. In the

work I propoſe, the fundamental rules of the art ſhould be firſt laid down, with all the perſpicuity, and all the preciſion, poſſible, and then applied to different examples. It will be neceſſary, that theſe examples be taken from engravings, made after the beſt pictures of the great maſters. In every branch of the art, the moſt certain method ſhould be explained; the principal works, and moſt celebrated artiſts, of that ſort, pointed out. The elements of Preyſler, are almoſt generally adopted in Germany; young people are tormented with them. The contours of that maſter, however, are frequently incorrect; and his heads have a vulgar character. Some elements of deſigning, which have appeared in the countries where the arts are exerciſed, offer examples that can be no ſure guide to the young artiſt: as the outline is too much neglected; and correctneſs is the baſis on which inſtruction ſhould be founded. I think, it would be likewiſe of conſequence, if, to the methods, of which I have here given an idea, there were added a collection of exact deſcriptions of the beſt pictures of every kind, and of the en-

gravings of thoſe pictures, made with the greateſt care. An examination of theſe works, according to the true principles of the art, would be an excellent leſſon. It would be difficult, it is true, to extend it to the colouring: but the harmony of the clare-obſcure, might be there diſcuſſed; and the obſervations on the connexion that it has with colouring, would ſupply the defect in part, and could not fail to intereſt and inſtruct the artiſt and the connoiſſeur. It would be eſſential, in the plan I here propoſe, to chooſe none but the beſt compoſitions of every age; and to dwell on thoſe only, in which the character of the time, and the ſchool, is particularly marked.

The deſcriptions we find in the Treatiſe of Boydel, in the writings of Winkelman, of Hagedorn, Richardſon, and ſome others, may ſerve as models. That of the altar-piece of the Chev. Mengs at Dreſden, inſerted in the third volume of the *Bibliotheque des Belles Lettres et des Beaux Arts*, is a maſterpiece, which implies a moſt profound knowledge of all parts of the art. In like manner, the work,

of which I have here ſketched the idea, can be of no uſe, unleſs executed by the greateſt artiſts, or moſt ſkilful connoiſſeurs. None but a Hagedorn, a Caſanove, a Wattelet, a Cochin, &c. ſhould be permitted to attempt it.